DEC 26 1930

The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday December 31, 1930

Doles for Employers

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

"The recipients of the dole are not the men who stand before the soup stations. . . . Has not the time come for industry to cease holding out a tin cup to the American public and to pay its own labor overhead?"

Our Latest Short Cut to God

Notes on the arrival of Albert Einstein by a distinguished fellow passenger

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. LXV. NO. 839

Entered as Second Class matter November 6, 1914 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the act of March 3, 1879

THEATRES

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

Elizabeth, The Queen

GUILD THEA., 52nd West of Broadway. Evenings 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays 2:40.

ROAR CHINA

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th W. of 8th Ave., Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:50

"JOE COOK PERFECTLY MARVELOUS AND THE SHOW PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL."—*Heywood Broun.*

JOE COOK IN **"FINE and DANDY"**

HIS NEWEST MADDEST MUSICAL

ERLANGER'S THEATRE West 44th St. Penn. 7963.

Eves. 8:40; Mats Wed. and Sat. 2:30—326 Good Seats at $1.00.

"ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S BEST PLAY."—*Brown, Post.*

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

THIS IS NEW YORK

A New Comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD with LOIS MORAN

PLYMOUTH THEA. 45th Street, West of Broadway. Eves., 8:40—Matinees at 2:30.

Matinees Xmas Week: Friday, Dec. 26, and Saturday.

Do your part for humanity

—tell people that cancer in its early stages is curable, in its late stages is not curable.

The odds are always against your having cancer—but make sure. Consult your physician yourself, urge others to do so.

This work is made possible by generous public support of the sale of the little Christmas book and by voluntary contributions. Our work for 1930 depends on your continued help.

For further information and free literature, address

HELP CONTROL CANCER

THE NEW YORK CITY COMMITTEE

American Society for the Control of Cancer

34 EAST 75TH STREET, NEW YORK

THEATRES

OPENING FRI. EVG. DEC. 26—The Actor Manager's, Inc., Present

RUTH DRAPER

in her ORIGINAL CHARACTER SKETCHES

Engagement limited to 4 weeks—PROGRAM CHANGED DAILY

COMEDY Theatre, 41st Street, East of Broadway. PRICES Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30. $1 to $3

Eves. (Incl. Sun.) Dec. 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2.

NOW PLAYING

Rene Clair's French Talking and Singing Film Masterpiece

"SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS"

(Under the Roofs of Paris)

ACCLAIMED AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

LITTLE CARNEGIE Playhouse 57th ST. EAST of 7th AVE. Popular Prices Direction Leo Brecher

BENEFIT WALDEN SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

First American Tour

MARY WIGMAN

Celebrated European Dancer

TUES. DEC. 30th, 3 P. M. CHANIN THEATRE, 46th ST., W. OF B'WAY

HOTEL

Dedicated to Executive Efficiency

BUSINESS MEN like Washington's new Hotel Shoreham because it increases their efficiency by making them comfortable... Quiet location over-looking Rock Creek Park yet only ten minutes from the White House... 800 large rooms, each with bath, circulating ice water, and radio ... Facilities for recreation include glass enclosed swimming pool, four tennis courts, and riding stables... *Truly a hotel that fits you for tomorrow!*

• RATES •

$5.00 and $6.00 Single

$8.00 and $9.00 Double

The **SHOREHAM**

CONNECTICUT AVE. AT CALVERT ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

L. GARDNER MOORE, *General Manager*

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1930 NUMBER 839

Contents

The Week 174

Editorials

A Better American Way with Unemployment 176
Judge Clark and the Constitution 178
Who Tried to Knife Norris—and Why? 179
Macedonia Fights On 179

General Articles

Doles for Employers ..... Sumner H. Slichter 181
The Indian Peasant Strikes Back .. H. N. Brailsford 183
Short Cut to God ..... Hendrik Willem Van Loon 185
Two American Boys in the U. S. S. R. ..... David and Robin Kinkead 187
Harold Weston's Adventure ..... Paul Rosenfeld 190
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 191
Max and the Theater ..... Stark Young 192
Who Are Not Kings (verse) ..... H. Boner 193

Correspondence 194

Reviews of Books

The Technique of Voltaire .... Matthew Josephson 196
History While You Wait ..... Howard Coxe 197
John Masefield and Ships ..... Eda Lou Walton 198
Athlete and Mystic ..... Isidor Schneider 199
Book Notes 199

The Week

BRAVO, Benito! You have taken a trick from the repertory of our own Herbert, and, we must say, you have performed it more wittily than he did. In his annual message to Congress he strove to remove the blame of the depression from the shoulders of American business and government by saying that it was due to nefarious practices on the part of foreigners, such as overproduction of commodities and political unrest. Now you say that everything was going well in Italy until our stock market exploded like a bomb. "For us poor European provincials it was a great surprise," you declare. "We remained astonished—like the world at the announcement of the death of Napoleon, because we had been given to understand that America was the country of prosperity, of endless and absolute prosperity without eclipses. Everyone was rich there." Well, Americans had been given to understand the same thing, and were equally surprised. But let us whisper in your ear, Benito, it is not wise on your part to make such bitter fun of our formerly boastful and now bewildered Herbert. He has a thin skin and cherishes resentment toward those who do not speak of him with sufficient respect. You won't get any more loans past him this way. If you want to earn his undying gratitude you should say that the world's misfortunes are due solely to failure to follow the golden stream of American advice; that henceforth you propose to put yourselves entirely in the hands of our captains of industry and generals of finance.

AS HAS been predicted for some time, Rykoff has been ousted from the premiership of the Soviet government, and also from the important Politbureau of the Communist party. Rykoff is one of those who think that the program of industrial development is going too fast, and has been urging that the tempo should be slackened. Whether this means that Stalin intends to disregard his advice or to comply with it is, of course, uncertain, in view of the fact that the exiling of Trotsky as a "left" extremist was not long afterward followed by a substantial acceptance of his program. We do not profess any ability to fathom the political intrigue at the heart of the Communist dictatorship. Correspondents have made a great to-do about the fact that a premier can be demoted by the authority of the head of a political party. This, they say, proves that the government of Russia is really in the hands of Stalin, not of its constitutional executive, and that there is no valid distinction between that government and the Communist-party rulers. But was there any doubt about this fact before? Nobody, least of all the Communists themselves, has seriously maintained that Russia is a democratic republic, in which all parties are on an equal footing. And even in republics like the United States, the nomination, election and behavior in office of high officials are often dictated by the bosses of the dominant political machine, which is in turn supported and controlled by the dominant economic groups.

AT A recent New York luncheon meeting of the Foreign Policy Association to discuss Germany, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr of the Union Theological Seminary, who has spent several months in that country, warned his hearers that the drift of Germans, especially the youth, to extreme parties both on the right and on the left, is due mainly to three resentments—that against reparations, which is blamed for the nation's major economic difficulties, that

against the Allies for failing to disarm after having disarmed Germany on the ground that the wicked must be made harmless before the good can lay aside their defenses, and that against the Polish situation. Dr. Otto Nathan, a German economist, who spoke next, tactfully expressed his opinion that the German Republic is in no immediate danger from internal forces, and that it will do the utmost to meet its obligations, but plainly intimated that revision of the reparations burden must be sought. As to the other two grievances, the only reply to Dr. Niebuhr was that of Dr. Alfred Zimmern, a professor at Oxford who speaks from the Geneva atmosphere. Dr. Zimmern said, in substance, that disarmament can only follow mutual confidence among the nations, that confidence must be based on security, and that security rests jointly on the League of Nations Covenant and the Kellogg Pact. After the establishment of confidence and disarmament, any fundamental issues like readjustments of the Polish boundary may be taken up.

DR. Zimmern's thesis as stated in the preceding paragraph seems to us to contain a fatal flaw. What is "security?" According to the League of Nations Covenant, as interpreted by the French, an interpretation which Dr. Zimmern seems to support, it is an undertaking on the part of all members to aid, with economic and military sanctions, any member who may be subject to "aggression." This amounts to an armed alliance to maintain the status quo. And this status, as established in boundaries and other matters by the Treaty of Versailles, the French regard as unalterable by any peaceable means. If Great Britain and other nations should grant France the "security" she demands as the price of disarmament, they would merely be helping her to sit on the lid. Are we to suppose that if this were done, France would be any readier than she now is to alter the Versailles settlement? If France did not feel secure after Locarno, what more can reasonably be expected of other nations to reassure her? We do not see any hope for the future peace of Europe except in an isolation of nationalist French opinion on this issue. If, as time goes on, it becomes increasingly clear that the Treaty must be revised, and if France knows that she cannot count on the armed aid of any other great power in case of trouble, she may be more willing to seek genuine reconciliation and to consider real disarmament.

A FEW weeks ago the American State Department blundered badly by cutting off military supplies from the rebels in Brazil only forty-eight hours before they overturned the government and took possession of the country. Since then we have speeded things up and are now able to make our mistakes in Latin American diplomacy in one-half the time. Guatemala a few days ago acquired a new president by extremely dubious means. We proceeded, with singular promptness, to recognize his regime, and twenty-four hours later he had been overthrown. To make matters worse, he was overthrown by a military *coup d'état:* and the United States some years ago was the initiator, and one of the signers, of a special Central American treaty promising not to have anything to do with any government which comes into power by force. What will we do in this dilemma? The New Republic's guess is that the State Department will find some pretext on which to rescind its action and extend recognition to the present government, that of General Manuel Orellana. Certainly the preceding regime, which lasted such a short time, came into existence amid such grave irregularities that it probably should not have been recognized, according to the terms of the Treaty. Only in the case of Russia does the American government move, in the matter of recognition, with invincible deliberation.

PRESIDENT Hoover's five appointees to the new Federal Power Commission are so colorless and undistinguished that even the Senate progressives, although distrusting their ability and prejudices, have been unable to find anything in the records on the basis of which a sturdy fight against their confirmation could be made. The Senate has therefore, somewhat ominously, decided to let Mr. Hoover sink or swim on the power issue with the behavior of his own nominees. It goes without saying that the spotlight will be kept on their activities. One theory will, at any rate, receive a test. It was said that the unsatisfactory performance of the old Commission, made up of three Cabinet officials, was due to the fact that they had to leave their work to subordinates who might be incapable or venal. But if this new Commission continues the existing tendency to scuttle regulation under the Federal Water Power Act, it can only be a calculated policy of the President. There will be no dodging the responsibility. The advantage of such a test may, however, be counterbalanced by the fact that if it shows the country that Mr. Hoover is inclined to let the utilities get away with murder, these privately owned concerns will in the meantime have intrenched themselves still further in positions from which they cannot be dislodged without more drastic action than the progressives themselves contemplate.

LAST week The New Republic published an editorial paragraph to the effect that six of the leading hotels of Cleveland, where the social science societies are having their annual meetings, have locked out their organized employees in an attempt to make them sign "yellow dog contracts." We are now informed on good authority that the agreements in question are not "yellow dog contracts" in the commonly accepted meaning of that term, though they do attempt to substitute individual for collective bargaining and are thus reprehensible in the eyes of experts who endorse trade unionism. The societies have been placed in an exceedingly

embarrassing position by the action of the hotels, since they made arrangements for their meetings before the trouble occurred. At least one of these bodies—the American Association for Labor Legislation—has acted by removing its own meeting to acceptable places. Whether any further official action can be taken remains to be seen. But individual members, at least, may seek accommodations where no dispute exists.

THE New York City police force has recently come in for much public criticism, a great part of which has undoubtedly been deserved. Revelations have been made of bribery and other scandals, and policemen have been shown as preying upon women, framing up charges of prostitution against them, accepting bribes to let them go free, or sending innocent girls to prison in the endeavor to roll up a large annual volume of "activity." There are 17,000 patrolmen on the New York City police force and no doubt a large number of them are honest men, who are legitimately concerned at the damage done to the reputation of the whole force. Someone—probably some ingenious salesman of advertising—has taken advantage of this situation in a regrettable fashion, and has persuaded the police, through their Benevolent Association, to spend $30,000, which they could ill afford, to publish a full-page advertisement in the New York newspapers defending the reputation of the police in general. The ironic fact about the matter is that if they had appointed a committee to draft a brief statement on their own behalf, every paper in New York would gladly have printed it on the front page, where it would have attracted wider and more favorable attention than it did buried among the department stores' offerings of Christmas suggestions. Not only was the policemen's $30,000 thrown away, but the sight of these large and obviously expensive advertisements must have produced an unfavorable effect upon many persons who suspected that someone was playing politics.

THE chemists of the federal Treasury Department certainly deserve high praise for the nauseous beverage they have developed in their worthy efforts to keep the citizens of this country from blinding and killing themselves with industrial alcohol. For this new denaturant will make industrial alcohol taste like a mixture of rotten eggs and garlic to which a jigger of gasoline and a dash of chloroform has been added. However, it is most seriously to be doubted if this concoction, though heaven knows it sounds noxious enough, will really be completely effective. We have developed strong stomachs during the past few years and have been able to worry down some pretty terrible potations which the Republican administration has served up to us. We remember in particular an extremely disagreeable one that came out of a teapot and which was highly flavored with gasoline, too. We managed to bolt that, and several others even worse, and we most seriously doubt if this latest rotten eggnog from the Treasury Department will feaze us in the slightest.

A Better American Way with Unemployment

WITH smug complacency, the great men of Wall Street have recently ended a drive for $8,000,000, with which they have put to work some 20,000 unemployed heads of families in the parks, in cleaning up vacant lots and in other "made" jobs. It is not generous to deny the sort of credit due to the charitable who have given to meet an emergency and relieve suffering. But we should have nothing but contempt for the veil of soft misrepresentation which has been thrown about these and similar proceedings. It is pretended that this is not charity; that it proves that responsible leaders of American life stand ready to do everything necessary to meet the challenge of unemployment; that the campaign represents adequate performance of a civic duty. When it began, speakers stated in so many words that if the goal were reached, the danger of a "dole" would be averted. The very men who gave so readily are, most of them, opposed to anything like unemployment insurance. Yet the fact remains that this charity is a dole. The fact remains that it belatedly offered succor to but 20,000 out of the minimum of 300,000 who are jobless in the city. The fact remains that, in spite of the heroic efforts of those who had to improvise methods of administering relief, it had the faults of hasty emergency action, as Sumner H. Slichter demonstrates in his article in this issue. Mr. Owen D. Young, among others, said that this is the "American" way of doing things. If America can find no better way than this, intelligent Americans should be deeply ashamed.

But we differ with Mr. Young. For seven years now there has been operating successfully in America a planned and systematized way of guarding against the misery of unemployment, a way which is not charity, which places the burden where it belongs—upon industry itself—and which is adequate to care for most of the risks of the industrial group concerned. We refer to the unemployment insurance established by contract between the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the clothing manufacturers of Chicago. Here there is a well operated system of employment exchanges through which workers are regularly placed in any jobs which may be open, and at which the unavoidably unemployed are registered as a matter of routine. Here there is a fund, built up in good times as well as in bad, by regular contributions from employers and employees—3 percent of the pay roll contributed by the employers and 1½ percent by the wage earners. The fund this year amounts to about one million dollars to cover the risks of some twenty thousand workers (compare

this with the $8,000,000 raised to meet the risks of several million workers in New York). Though the industry is not only subject to all the fluctuations of prosperity and depression, but to unusual seasonal variations as well, it has been taking care of its own this winter. Unemployed Chicago clothing workers have not had to stand all night in lines outside of hastily improvised relief bureaus. They have been enabled to live, and to contribute a regular spending power to the Chicago retail market, by virtue of the planning and foresight of their own industry. They have been sustained, not by a charity drive, but because they have been recognized as essential partners in the productive organism, whose work will be needed again.

The Industrial Relations Counsellors, a research agency closely associated with large capitalist interests, has conducted a careful survey of American experiments in systematic provisions against unemployment. Such plans, whether like that of the Amalgamated or like those adopted by employers alone, now apply to not many more than one hundred thousand workers. If we wait for industry to extend them on its own volition, it will be many years before they cover any large section of the wage earners, and even then the coverage will by no means be complete. The conclusion is clear that we need legislation to make the adoption of some such plan compulsory, just as we needed compulsory workmen's compensation. There is no reason why the performance of the most backward industry should not in this respect be brought up to that of the most advanced.

Bills embodying such proposals are this winter being introduced into some twenty state legislatures. It is of the utmost importance that some of these bills, at the least, be enacted into law at the present sessions. The laws need not be perfect. They need not offer the maximum amount of protection. Such laws would in any case be revised and improved as time goes on. But it is necessary to make a beginning. And it is essential to make it now, while public attention is concentrated on the problem. Our behavior regarding measures against unemployment has hitherto been like that of the man who had a leaky roof which could not be mended during the rain and did not need mending when the sun shone.

It will be argued that we must avoid hasty action, that we must do more research before passing laws. But the fact is that we have already delayed action on this matter until some eighteen other nations are ahead of us. Experts in this country have been doing research and thinking on the problem for many years. All the relevant information is available, concerning both foreign experience and experiments in this country. The American Association for Labor Legislation has been holding regular conferences of informed experts for months, as a result of which a tentative draft of an act has been prepared, as an "American Plan for Unemployment Reserve Funds." We cannot learn any more about the matter without legislative experience of our own.

The introduction to this draft sets forth that its purpose is to provide unemployment-reserve funds to tide wage earners over periods of involuntary idleness, similar to the reserve funds out of which dividends are now paid in slack periods. In order to finance a small benefit to the unemployed worker it provides for contributions to the fund from employers alone. The way is left open for contributions from employees as well, if fuller protection is desired. Certainly, if the state makes no contribution—and it does not, under this bill—there can be no question of a "dole." But if any state wishes to share the burden, it can easily do so.

The authors of the bill believe that they have remedied a defect in the British practice by placing the administration of the payments and the operation of the employment offices necessary to the plan in the hands of the several industries—under state supervision to guarantee minimum standards. This will furnish a greater motive for stabilization within each industry. The proposed boards are entitled "employment stabilization boards." Employers who furnish proof of ability to pay the prescribed benefits or better, or who submit plans which are at least as good as those specified in the act, are exempted from paying into the general fund. This gives ample leeway for other systems which have been or may be established by industry itself. And the whole temper of the bill is sympathetic to the current American doctrine that unemployment is a problem of industry for which industry should make itself responsible.

This act makes no pretense of solving the problem of unemployment. It rests on the reasonable assumption that any efforts to prevent depressions and stabilize industry at large are likely to be at least partly unsuccessful for years to come. Nor does it endeavor to compensate all those who may possibly be unemployed. It merely provides a method of meeting, in a businesslike way, that part of the risk which is easily insurable. The insured must wait two weeks after their unemployment is established before drawing benefits. The maximum benefit which the law makes compulsory is $10 a week or 60 percent of weekly wages, whichever is the lower. Benefits can be drawn for not more than thirteen weeks in one calendar year. Only those are eligible who have worked in the state for not less than twenty-six weeks during the two preceding years. Only those can draw payments who are capable of and available for employment and are unable to obtain it in occupations for which they are reasonably fitted. No one can be compensated if he has lost his job through misconduct or has left without reasonable cause or is out of work on account of a strike or lockout. The burden placed on the employer is trifling—1½ percent of the pay roll. In normal times ordinary wage increases are likely to average as much as this in any year. If any employer succeeds in stabilizing his employment to a sufficient extent, he may receive dividends back out of the fund.

If this act were now in effect, there would still be plenty of opportunity left for the operation of Mr. Young's "American way" of charity, or voluntary doles, or of any other extraordinary relief which might be devised. But millions of workers would have received, as soon as real need arose, and without charity by anyone, thirteen weeks' benefits, up to $10 a week. How much this would have helped the "buy now" campaign, how much it would have lessened the strain on beneficence and on organizations for social work, and above all, how much it would have done for the self-respect of the unemployed, the health of their children, and the morale of the nation as a whole, are matters not open to reasonable dispute.

Judge Clark and the Constitution

THE EXPERTS on constitutional law seem agreed that the decision of Judge Clark in the New Jersey Circuit Court, declaring the Eighteenth Amendment invalid, is almost certain to be overturned by the Supreme Court; and the Judge himself appears to anticipate this when he looks forward to "a cold reception in the appellate courts" for his opinion. What he has written is less a careful statement on the points of law brought before him than an essay on certain aspects of our government machinery. Prohibition is a subject so exciting to most people that we find it enormously difficult to consider on its merits any document which even mentions the word; yet the discussion of this issue is much the least interesting part of Judge Clark's argument—and the word "argument" is a fair one to use in this connection.

The gist of his theory is that the Eighteenth Amendment was illegally adopted because it was ratified by the states through their legislatures and not through constitutional conventions. Article V of the Constitution seems to leave an option to Congress as to which means of ratification shall be employed. It says that

> . . . amendments . . . shall be valid . . . when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress. . . .

The Tenth Amendment, however, modifies Article V, by saying that

> . . . the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. . . .

Judge Clark, and a number of other respectable authorities in the law contend that when any amendment is proposed which would restrict the liberties of the people in important ways, the consent of the states must be given in such a manner as to afford a clear indication of the will of the people: namely, through constitutional conventions whose members have been chosen for the deliberate and special purpose of voting on the proposed amendment. This is the assumption he advances, an assumption which, it seems almost certain, the Supreme Court will overrule, at least in its technical application to the constitutionality of the amendment.

But the real purposes of Judge Clark's decision are two: first, to express in vigorous fashion his belief that the Constitution should be a living, growing thing and that our laws should at all times be kept abreast of our social necessities; and second, that future constitutional amendments should be ratified by state conventions. In support of the latter thesis, he assembles an extraordinary array of quotations from legal decisions, books on government and miscellaneous popular works on historical and other themes. The important arguments which emerge may be summarized thus:

1. The members of the state legislatures have usually been elected on a variety of issues, so that it is not at all certain that they actually represent the will of the people in regard to any particular measure which may come before them in the form of a proposed amendment to the federal Constitution. Indeed, the subject may not have been one of public discussion at all, at the time they were chosen.

2. Even if the make-up of the state legislature has been partially determined on the issue involved in the proposed amendment, it is better that the people should express themselves directly, as they do in the election of members of a special state convention.

3. It is notorious that membership in a state legislature is not an honor sufficiently high to attract the best men. When these are available for public office at all, they are likely to seek other fields of service. But the very highest type of citizen could be drafted for membership in a temporary state convention for the purpose of considering one proposed amendment.

4. The small number of men necessary to create majorities in three-fourths of the state legislatures constitutes a potential danger—if, for instance, an amendment were proposed vitally affecting some important and unscrupulous private interest. As Charles and William Beard point out in "The American Leviathan," about two thousand men comprise a majority in the legislatures of thirty-six of the states, and can approve or reject a constitutional amendment. Since, as has already been stated, these men have usually not been elected on the issue involved in the amendment, they must vote according to their own discretion—and a constitutional amendment is a matter too important to be decided in any such way.

Few persons today can be unaware of the great and growing importance of possible changes in our Constitution. That document, as its meaning has

been twisted by successive decisions of a reactionary Supreme Court, is at present an immovable barrier to social progress. In many of its provisions it is hopelessly antiquated: it is very much the oldest written scheme of government which is in use anywhere in the world today. It is not without significance that the newly created republics which in recent years have had to improvise governments for themselves have invariably, after studying the American model, modified it substantially in favor of a responsible executive.

Common sense would tell us that what we need is a national constitutional convention, such as the Founding Fathers in fact anticipated would from time to time be needed, which would toss the whole document, amendments and all, into the melting pot and produce a new version much more in accord with our present necessities. But since America is now one of the most conservative countries in the world, it is virtually certain that this will not be done. We must patch up the ancient fabric as best we can by additional amendments from time to time. In view of this necessity, Judge Clark's decision is a landmark of considerable importance. He has tried to break down the artificial reverence with which the present Constitution and the existing method of altering it, have been surrounded. He has fired the first gun in a much-needed battle, and one in which other shots are certain to be heard.

Who Tried to Knife Norris —and Why?

LITTLE by little, the facts are coming out as to the way in which the "regular" Republicans played the game of the power trust in the recent election in Nebraska. A few weeks ago it was discovered, after several important personages had lied about it, that the Western manager for the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee had in fact been the person behind Grocer George W. Norris of Broken Bow in the scurrilous plot to confuse the voters in the Republican primary and thus prevent the renomination of Senator Norris, who comes close to being America's leading progressive and is certainly the worst of all the thorns in the side of the power trust. Now the senatorial committee investigating campaign expenditures has verified the suspicion that the fight against Norris originated much higher up. Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee itself, has been revealed as ordering more than four hundred thousand dollars' worth of printed matter to be circulated among the Nebraska voters before the November election in the attempt to bring about the defeat of Senator Norris, the nominee of Lucas' own party. He avers that he did this not on behalf of the Republican National Committee, but privately, paying the cost out of his own pocket, a statement which certainly deserves to win the O'Brien Short Story Prize for 1930. He also alleges that he did not mean to keep the transaction secret, but was preparing to make it public on January 1. The fact remains that he kept silent about it during weeks of public conjecture as to the origin of this particular anti-Norris campaign; that he carried out the transaction under a fictitious name; and that he did not admit his complicity in the conspiracy until he had been forced to do so by the confession of another individual testifying before the Nye Committee.

Mr. Lucas' explanation of his conduct is that Senator Norris is not a good Republican but is actually a Democrat, since he supported Smith for the presidency in 1928. We do not know whether Mr. Lucas is a fool or thinks everyone else is, but one or the other of these hypotheses must be correct: if he objects to Mr. Norris on the ground of Democracy, why did he do all that he could to help win the election for Gilbert M. Hitchcock, the regular Democratic nominee? Does he perhaps think Mr. Hitchcock, is a Republican? And how does he explain the fact that the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, despite the actions of its Western manager, officially supported Norris in the campaign? And why, if he feels the moral indignation toward the Senator which he professes, did he carry on the fight against him in such a skulking way?

Mr. Lucas' story simply isn't good enough; but the real explanation is not far to seek. Senator Norris is the chief enemy of the power trust in Congress, and in the nation as a whole, today. Lucas, Victor Seymour, Fess and President Hoover are one and all extraordinarily tender to the forces of entrenched wealth as represented in the great public-utility corporations and otherwise. This conspiracy to drive Senator Norris out of the Senate was not concocted because he is a bad Republican, but because he is so much better than the majority. He holds the strange and almost unique belief that the Republican party ought to be devoted to the best interests of the American people, not to those of a little group of greedy capitalists. The most extraordinary piece of impudence we have seen in a long time is Lucas' observation that if Norris is a Republican, we should turn the picture of Lincoln with its face to the wall. If Lucas is a good Republican as of 1930, then God help the G. O. P. and the American people!

Macedonia Fights On

FROM southeastern Europe come reports which are very exciting indeed—if you believe all that you read in the newspapers. Turkey and Greece have recently come to an understanding, and we are assured that they are now seeking to bring in Bulgaria with, it is said, some hope of success; Greece and Bulgaria are reported as chiefly divided on the question of the latter's access to the sea, which Greece will provide through a free zone in

some port, probably Kavalla. The next nation to fall into the alliance is to be Hungary, with Rumania and perhaps even Jugoslavia thereafter. The Greeks say that the purpose is to shake off the domination of Italy and France; but the Roman newspapers are already talking of the new "Pan-Balkan Federation" as a satellite of an Italian-German-Russian combination, which will be in a position to speak on terms of equality to England and France. There is also the theory, which is in part, of course, incompatible with the foregoing, that Italy is trying to build up a circle of alliances around her present most dangerous rival, Jugoslavia, which as is generally known, is a satellite of France.

It all seems highly dangerous, although also, luckily, improbable; the chances are that it will not happen. Meanwhile, there are certain Balkan realities which should not be forgotten. One of them is that there is no hope of any lasting quiet in the turbulent peninsula until some of the perennial obstacles to peace have been removed. Chief among these is the glaring injustice of the present regime in Macedonia, which constitutes a standing menace to world peace.

Macedonia means hardly more to Americans in 1930 than the Pan-Serb movement meant to them in 1914. But there is a chance that sooner or later it will be called to their attention in as dramatic a way as the pistol shots which assassinated the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Serajevo.

If you draw a semicircle with a radius of about one hundred and fifty miles with the Aegean port of Salonica as the center, you will have roughly described the boundary for the vaguely defined and perennially restless territory known as Macedonia. In a part of the world notorious for the inextricable mingling of its population, that of Macedonia is the most diverse. It is no accident that mixed salad is known the world over as *salade macédoine.* This population includes a good many Serbs, especially since the peace treaties confirmed the Jugoslavs in their possession of the larger part of the country.

Along the seacoast there are many Greeks, especially since the Greek government set itself the task of getting rid of non-Greek inhabitants. If these were the only populations, there would be no problem, for the Greeks and Jugoslavs are pretty well satisfied with boundaries which give them almost all of the disputed territory and a very small slice to Bulgaria. But scattered throughout the entire area is a large population which is Bulgarian by blood and language. From these Macedonians are recruited most of the *comitadjis,* who constitute the standing revolutionary army of the Imro—the dreaded Inner Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, a secret government maintaining its own mails, foreign service, department of education, courts, taxes, standing army and reserve. Its name is a terror from end to end of the Balkan Peninsula. It was originally organized to free the country from the Turks by constant and bloody guerilla warfare. Today, under its young, brilliant and ruthless leader, Ivan Michailoff, it is turning the same methods against the Greeks and Jugoslavs.

Mr. Michailoff says quite frankly that the Imro proposes to keep the Macedonian question alive by any means, "good or bad," at least until the Macedonian minorities are granted the rights guaranteed under the League Covenant. The Imro justifies political murder as an act of war in a struggle for independence. According to Mr. Michailoff, "if we did not employ violent methods, the diplomats would forget that there is a Macedonian question."

The present situation is almost exactly the same as that which precipitated the World War, though with a reversal of roles. In 1914, a Serbian secret society operated by terrorism with the avowed aim of freeing Serbs outside the motherland. Today, the Macedonians are using similar means for a similar end.

While it is difficult for Americans to approve terrorist methods, it is equally difficult to see what other course the Greek and Jugoslav governments have left open to the Macedonians, if they do not desire complete extinction of their national life and culture. They are at present forbidden newspapers, books, religious services or schools in their own language. The country is alive with troops and *gendarmes.* In Jugoslav Macedonia the people have been compelled to change their names from the traditional ending "off" to the Serbian "ovich." Trifling as this may appear to Americans, it is not hard to imagine their own reaction to a similar demand by an alien government.

Macedonia cries aloud for an impartial investigation by disinterested non-European powers. But with the existing territorial arrangements guaranteed by the League, and with Jugoslavia supported by France in the Council, the Macedonians are not likely to get any real help from Geneva. Their best chance for rescue undoubtedly lies in making themselves so disagreeable that sooner or later someone will be forced to pay attention to their grievances.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1930, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

Doles for Employers

I

REFERRING to the suggestion that Congress be convened in special session to deal with the problem of unemployment, President Hoover was recently quoted as saying: "The sense of voluntary organization and community spirit in the American people has not vanished. The spirit of voluntary service has been strong enough to cope with the problem for the past year and it will, I am confident, continue in full measure to the end." Several days later Mr. Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and a member of the Emergency Employment Committee which has raised more than $8,000,000 for unemployment relief in New York City, made a plea to fourteen major New York trades to help the needy in what he said was the best, "the typical American way," for "individuals and groups to come forward of their own initiative and help through the medium of welfare agencies with their trained and experienced personnel."

Is it true, as Mr. Hoover contends, that "the spirit of voluntary service" is strong enough to cope with the problem of unemployment? It is important to examine in some detail just how this "typical American way" works. How promptly does it meet the need? Who bears the burden? How fairly is the burden distributed? What incentive, if any, is created to prevent unemployment? How adequate is the relief? How is it distributed? Is it satisfactory to attempt to cope with unemployment through hastily constructed emergency machinery, or would it be better to have a regular and permanent organization for dealing with the problem?

Some indication of the effectiveness of the "typical American way" is indicated by a statement made by Mr. William H. Matthews, director of the department of family welfare of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. This statement, it happens, was made at the same luncheon at which Mr. Gifford spoke. Mr. Matthews said that many of the 1,500 men, whom the Emergency Employment Committee had put to work in the parks, had been idle for six to nine months. Of the first ten applicants interviewed in his office that day, four had dispossess notices in their pockets. Of 100,000 unemployed who were recently registered in Detroit, one-fifth were estimated to be in immediate and desperate need.

Evidently the "spirit of voluntary service" has been somewhat late in meeting the need. On April 30 the number of unemployed (exclusive of a large number of "temporarily" laid-off workers) was two and one-half million. Throughout the summer the number increased. The A. I. C. P. has recently announced that, in order to meet the demands for help during the year ending September 30, it was compelled to go into its invested funds. But President Hoover and his subordinates were predicting that business revival was just around the corner. Consequently, not until Detroit had elected a mayor largely on the platform of finding work for the idle, not until a committee of Wall Street bankers had undertaken to raise $150,000 a week to help the needy, not until the American Federation of Labor had made unemployment the principal topic at its Boston convention, and not until the coldest October weather in fifty years had reminded the Northeast that the rigors of winter were close at hand, did Mr. Hoover organize his Cabinet committee and call in Mr. Woods to stimulate "the spirit of voluntary service." Then it was estimated that the number of unemployed had increased by approximately a million since April. How much a delay of six to twelve months means in broken homes, in children suffering from rickets and other effects of undernourishment, only those in intimate touch with charitable relief can say. It is significant that early in November Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau in the United States Department of Labor, reminded the country that every period of severe unemployment permanently injures the health of thousands of children and pointed out that this thing is happening today. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, the schools found so many children of unemployed parents going without breakfast that a soup line for pupils was established. Plainly, the "spirit of voluntary service" as a method of relieving unemployment stands convicted of being from six to twelve months too late.

II

How is relief provided? The most generous contributions seem to come from the less well-to-do rather than the more wealthy. In many railroad shops, on the Baltimore and Ohio, on the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville, and on other roads, the men for months have voluntarily been working five days a week instead of six in order to provide jobs for more workers. Under the union regulations, the seniority rule would ordinarily be applied and the junior men laid off. The senior employees in these shops, therefore, are contributing one day's pay a week, *one-sixth* of their income, to the relief of unemployment. This is being done by men who receive eighty cents an hour or less. How many millionaires, or men receiving $5,000 or $10,000 a year, are contributing one-sixth of their incomes to unemployment relief? Some locals of the Typo-

graphical Union have limited their members to working five days a week for a period of several months in order to provide employment for "substitutes." Recently the "Big Six," the New York local, voted to require each regularly employed member to lay off one day in each two full financial weeks. In St. Louis the electrical workers have devised a scheme to give every member an equal share in the available work. It is required that all members obtain work through the union office and they are sent to jobs in the order that their names appear on the union register. From Oshkosh, Wisconsin, comes the report that twenty-two regular city employees temporarily "loaned" their jobs to needy unemployed persons.

In many cases staggering of work, or working short hours in order to spread employment among more men, comes at the initiative of the management rather than of the employees. The United States Steel Corporation, according to its chairman, Mr. M. C. Taylor, has staggered its employment for some time. The movement to spread employment by working short hours has been country-wide, but it has been carried to the greatest length in Cincinnati, Detroit and Cleveland. It is important, however, to realize that this method imposes the principal burden of unemployment relief upon the wage earners themselves. Indeed, in many industries it places no burden upon the employers at all. The method means that tens of thousands of wage earners are contributing from one-tenth to one-half of their potential earnings to unemployment relief.

In many cases employees have been "asked" to contribute a certain proportion of their earnings to the relief fund. No one knows how voluntary these contributions are, but when an appeal is made to all members of an organization, the element of social compulsion is usually substantial. The employees of Oppenheim, Collins and Company in New York and Brooklyn and of the American Woolen Company in New York are donating one percent of their earnings to unemployment relief. In Chicago the employees of the Fair have agreed to give one day's salary each month between November and April. Samuel M. Insull has announced that the employees and officers of the Insull public-utility group will contribute one day's pay a month for six months to unemployment relief. It is estimated that this will bring in about $100,000 a month. The employees of the Inland Steel Company have agreed to give from 2 to 5 percent of their earnings. In this case, the company is matching the workers' contribution. The employees of New York City are also being asked to donate one percent of their salaries and similar methods have been adopted in other cities. The Emergency Employment Committee in New York has announced that it is asking large groups of employed persons to authorize the treasurers of their companies to deduct a certain amount, approximately a half-day's salary each month, for unemployment relief.

It will be noticed that in nearly every case the donations are a constant proportion of the salary. The lowest-paid employee gives the same fraction of his meager pay as does the high-salaried executive. Furthermore, in few instances have the companies announced that they are matching the contributions of their workers, and in no cases do the employees who make the contributions acquire any definite rights to relief from the funds which they build up. Well may these employees ask why *they* have been selected to contribute from one to five percent of their earnings to charity.

Contributions from the wealthy are, of course, being sought and given. In New York it has been announced that the Emergency Employment Committee, in seeking to raise $8,000,000, has been using methods comparable to those employed in the Liberty Loan drives. Trade lists were made up, soliciting committees for each trade were appointed, and trade quotas were even established, just as in the war days. Possibly this method is better than to penalize generosity by letting each person entirely fix his own contribution. Nevertheless, privately determined trade quotas are open to serious objections and these objections are more serious when individuals are asked to make a contribution rather than to purchase a gilt-edged security. Of course there is no relationship between the size of the contribution and the number of men that the contributor has laid off. Consequently the contributions create not the slightest incentive for employers to prevent unemployment. And the employer who has already made a large sacrifice by refusing to lay off men who are not immediately needed is given no credit for that policy.

III

Every group or committee which undertakes to relieve unemployment is dominated by the fear that its work will attract the unemployed from other cities. When Detroit recently registered 100,000 jobless men and women at its police stations and schools, only those who had been residents for one year or longer were permitted to enroll. Milwaukee, in announcing a program to provide employment for a maximum of 13,500 men for at least three days a week throughout the winter, stated that only those who had been residents of the city for one year or more would be given work. One of the indictments often made against unemployment insurance is that it discourages the mobility of labor. The criticism is an important one but it appears to apply equally to the "typical American" emergency measures. The man who has done his best to obtain work by traveling is discriminated against. He has not been a resident for a year.

More serious is the fact that often no distinction is made between those who are merely unemployed and those who are unemployable or who do not wish work. This applies, of course, to the relief given by the soup stations and the municipal lodging houses. Some organizations attempt to dis-

tinguish between the employable and unemployable by giving relief work to those who can do it. But even this aid is given as charity rather than as a right. Moreover, need must be shown, which means that thrift and saving are penalized. The man who had the foresight to set something aside when he had a job, possibly to purchase a home, possibly to send a child through high school, is compelled to exhaust his savings. Only when he is at the end of his rope, when his savings are gone, when the rent is overdue, when the gas and electric company is threatening to cut off service, when he cannot see where the next meal will come from, is he able to obtain help.

IV

It is said that we have the dole in America and this is true. The method which Mr. Hoover calls "the spirit of voluntary service" and Mr. Gifford the "typical American way" is the method of the dole. But the real recipients of the dole are not the men who stand for hours before the Salvation Army soup stations, or who line up to receive a nickel from the Franciscan Fathers at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, or who receive orders for food from the precinct captains or jobs in the parks through the A. I. C. P. The real recipients are the great industries of America. They are extracting a percentage of the meager pay of tens of thousands of their employees, obtaining myriads of contributions from churches, charitable organizations, the Salvation Army, city employees, commission merchants, hotels, coal dealers and thousands of business and professional men in order to pay their labor overhead. If anyone is being pauperized and demoralized by the dole, it is industry no less than the men in the soup lines. Industry pays dividends on idle capital. In order to do so, the corporations of the country, according to the estimates of the National Bureau of Economic Research, save, on the average, approximately 40 percent of their net profits. In 1921, corporations engaged in manufacturing, according to the estimates of the Bureau, experienced net losses of approximately $101,000,000. Nevertheless, in this year they paid dividends on their common stock of over a billion dollars. In order to meet the emergency caused by the depression they reduced their wage payments about 39 percent below 1920. But they found it necessary to reduce dividends on common stock only 12 percent. Why should not the policy of building up reserves to continue payments during periods of depression be applied to labor as well as to capital? Has not the time come for industry to cease holding out a tin cup to the American public and to pay its own labor overhead? This is what unemployment compensation would mean, that industry would pay its own bills instead of relying upon "the spirit of voluntary coöperation" to pay them. It would also mean that relief would start almost instantaneously, instead of from six months to a year too late. It would mean that thrift and saving would not be penalized, because relief would be based on unemployment rather than on need. It would mean that generosity would not be penalized, because relief would be paid by industry, not by the general public. And, most important of all, it would mean that industry would have an incentive, far stronger than it now has, to prevent unemployment.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER.

The Indian Peasant Strikes Back

THE VOICE of India, as it reaches London, speaks in the thin and abstract language of politics. On the spot one becomes aware of the economic realism behind its claims. The wealthy business men in Bombay assail the government of India for its raising of the rupee exchange and its reckless policy of monetary deflation. They call for a high tariff, and they go on to assert that the State railways discriminate against Indian firms. Here, in part, is the reason why they support the Congress. But this movement has reached the masses and the villages: indeed, as the months go on, it seems to win, among unlettered peasants, a support even more ardent and unanimous than it enjoys in the towns. It spreads from province to province, until one asks whether India is on the verge of a general agrarian revolt.

The peasant knows nothing of tariffs or of constitutions. Why, then, does he don the white cap of revolution and risk the forfeiture of his bullocks, and even of his land? I had seen something of this astonishing movement of tax resistance in Bardoli, but this region, which was the pioneer, is in many ways exceptional. These peasants had been under Mahatma Gandhi's influence for many years; they own their fields; they are in wealth and education far above the general level; they are yeomen who have begun to think of their rights. But what of the much poorer villages which live under Indian landlords? I decided to sample their condition in some villages near Agra in the United Provinces. As yet the Congress has not summoned them to action, nor was my guide and host, an able man who had returned to a peasant life after some years of teaching in a high school, himself a member of the Congress.

Walking through the fields we met a *zemindar* (landlord) and fell into talk with him about the

system of land tenure. It had a feudal origin, and dates from the time of the Moguls, who relied on these gentry to support them in the field with foot and horse. The relationship, under British rule, became purely economic; the *zemindar* levies a rent, out of which he must pay 45 percent to the provincial exchequer. He sinks no capital in the land. It is the peasants who dig the wells on which its fertility depends, and construct the mud huts which form their crowded and insanitary villages. Relics of feudal service survive. The *zemindar* may summon the peasants to plough his own fields, and exact from them, when he gives a feast, a tribute of milk and fodder. In return I could hear only of a rare permission to cut timber. I asked my *zemindar* bluntly what social service he performed in return for his rent. He answered that he had "bought his rights, and owed no obligation to the tenants. We're filling our bellies as everyone does." In fact, few of the old feudal gentry remain; their successors are mere tax farmers.

Through outworks of dung heaps, and even runnels of filth, we had now reached the little village. The sun was setting; work was over, and the peasants grouped themselves round me under the banyan tree. Three questions almost sufficed to define the condition of the village. Every man was in debt. No one could read. Not a child was at school. The rate of interest was apparently uniform, at 37½ percent. Of debt, indeed, as I wandered next day through other villages, the peasants talked incessantly. I met a *bunya* (money-lender) in the act of bullying a weaver, as he was working at his primitive craft under a tree. He was as frank about his exactions as the *zemindar*. It was not risk that excused his rate of interest; up till three years ago he rarely had a bad debt.

This village lived and moved and worked and played in a system of unending debt. One borrowed to buy a buffalo. Its milk went straight to the *bunya* as clarified butter (*ghee*); for the children only the buttermilk was left. The harvest went straight to him when it was reaped. One got some of it back, at a higher valuation, as a loan. But the chief cause of debt was the *zemindar's* rent. There is, to be sure, now and then a marriage, and on these occasions one drinks milk and eats wheaten cakes, but such extravagance is rare. Indeed the village is too poor to marry, and three strapping young men were single, which, in India, is the worst of social crimes. That population in this wretched hamlet is declining was, indeed, the only good news it had to tell.

One man, as we talked, rose to show me his shirt. Dirty, tattered and worn, it was, with loin cloth, the only garment he possessed. He rented no land, but worked as a laborer on the railway (a State institution) for six annas a day (an anna is virtually a penny), which meant twelve hours' toil without a break for meals. On this he kept a wife and two children, paid 37½ percent on his debts, and occasionally mended his shirt. I gathered that the villagers envied him. The usual wage for workers on the land is three or four annas, and with one voice, squatting round the tree, the village declared that laborers in these days fare better than tenants. Why, then, I asked, should they burden themselves with land? They answered that permanent work is scarce; besides, if one rents land, one can borrow money. It was dark as we rose to go. In all the village there was no lantern to guide us over the fields.

In a rather less miserable village, next morning, I tried to test this statement that a tenant is worse off than a laborer. Again we sat under the banyan tree and talked. A *zemindar* was present and another *zemindar's* agent, so that I had the means of checking the peasants' figures. I set them reckoning the cost of cultivating an acre under wheat, the chief money crop of this province. One must plough ten times, which seems incredible unless one has seen the minute one-handled plough at work, with a colter which is merely an iron prong. It scratches at most four inches deep, and serves also for harrow. On one acre, reaping demands labor of seven or eight men and women for ten hours, which again would seem incredible unless one had seen them at work squatting on their haunches and cutting with a miniature sickle. There must be three waterings of this acre, and each takes five days. Again one must see to believe. An inclined plane of mud is built against the well, and down this a pair of bullocks trot, raising a skinful of water over the wheel. Their driver must pour it by hand into the channels, and so the slow round goes on. Threshing means that bullocks tread out the wheat. We reckoned about forty "man days" (the labor of one man or woman for a somewhat variable day) for an acre of wheat. The cost of this labor, if it were hired at four annas, would come to ten rupees.

One has next to add the cost of seed, three rupees if bought in the market, and much more if the *bunya* supplies it. The lowest rent to the most favored class of tenant was, in this village, ten rupees an acre, but it rose to fifteen and even thirty. The cost of cultivation is, then, on these three chief items alone (labor, rent and seed), twenty-three rupees, and may rise to forty-three. I have allowed nothing for the bullocks, the manure or the tools, or for the tenant's keep during the three idle months of the year. The yield of an acre varies in these parts from eight to thirteen bushels. By the price quoted in today's papers, that, if of the best quality, would fetch from fourteen to twenty-three rupees. This reckoning seems fantastic, and certainly it is not scientific. What can one do with peasants who have no clocks, and measure the day by the trains that pass on the railway? But one may allow a wide margin for error and still trust the plain conclusion. If the peasant pays his rent, he must starve: if he decides to survive, he must risk eviction, or trust once more to the money-lender's

aid. On the *zemindar's* charity one need not reckon. He too was in debt, and as he put it himself, "when a tiger is hungry, it will even eat a cow" (the sacred animal).

Here, then, in the village, is the economic background of the Congress agitation. The government, hoping to buy the loyalty of the landlord class, has tolerated one of the most iniquitous systems of land tenure surviving in the modern world. In normal times it means poverty, stagnation and debt. With the fall in world prices (which the Indian government's policy of deflation has aggravated), the whole system threatens to break down. Faced with a local crop failure, the government usually postpones the payment of the land tax. But this calamity is universal. It strikes the jute growers of Bengal as severely as the wheat farmers of the North. Can the government, spending freely on police since this agitation began, forego its chief source of revenue?

The Congress has felt its way. It was not sure of the peasants, and it thought twice before alienating the *zemindars* as a class. It has its own wealthy supporters to consider, who have views about the sanctity of private property. But it has now taken the plunge, even in the United Provinces; and round Allahabad it is organizing what, in effect, is a "no rent" campaign. It advises the peasants to offer the *zemindar* half his rent, but only if he will sign a bond promising to pay no tax. That, of course, he will not do: these tax farmers are not nationalist heroes. Before the year is out the battle will be joined. But can the government evict whole villages, and if it does, will it get its tax? Such movements spread like a prairie fire. When in fact peasants cannot pay, it requires little to persuade them not to pay. The jails will be crowded, and in the villages the police, as usual, will ply their *lathis*. That may be a risky proceeding, for some of these peasants are Rajputs, a proud race of fighting men.

It would be arrogance to pretend that I, speaking no Indian language, could penetrate the minds of these peasants. But something I guessed. They have been quiet hitherto because it never entered their heads that any change of government could better their lot. Government was the force (incarnated in a singularly corrupt and brutal native police) which stood behind the *zemindar* and the *bunya*, to impose the rent of the one and the interest of the other. Today the legend of Gandhi has reached them. Some had actually seen him. I asked them if they thought that *Swaraj* would improve their lot. "Yes," they answered promptly, "it will mean that we shall pay next to no rent." The Congress did not foresee, when it proclaimed Independence, that it was inaugurating a social struggle. In this desperate duel it has uncovered all the sores and miseries of Indian life. It will not compromise, and it can strike a mortal blow at the government only through the land revenue. For that, resistance to the salt tax and the liquor monopoly were mere preparations. The real struggle is only now beginning. It may end in an agrarian revolt.

Benares, India. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Short Cut to God

WHEN Willy Gilbert came from London to Veere to have little Joan baptized, he told me, "You are going to have a famous fellow passenger on the 'Belgenland.' Professor Einstein is sailing on the same ship." And I asked, "Is he going to New York?" and Willy answered, "Yes, and he is trying hard to keep away from the newspapermen in New York." And I said, "Well, I hope he lives through it, for it is going to be pretty terrible," and Willy said, "Amen!"

I went to Antwerp the night before the ship sailed and the clerk of the Century Hotel, a young Dutchman who had been in America, said, "You are going to have famous company on board. Professor Einstein is sailing with you. I hope they don't mob him when he arrives. That ship-news crew is pretty terrible!"

Just then the Professor himself appeared and registered and a few people looked up from their coffee and beer and here and there one whispered, "That is Einstein," and that was that.

The next morning the ship left and not a single reporter had made his appearance for a farewell statement to the Universe or a one-word definition of Almighty God, and all day long we sailed through the lovely gray waters of the Scheldt, looking across church towers and windmills, and funny little railroad trains racing us with all their might, and knowing (and with what misery in our hearts) that behind that distant group of trees, and just beyond that strange-looking row of old roofed houses, a small brown dog was sitting with his long brown nose glued to the door, waiting and waiting and waiting for certain well known footsteps that he will not hear for another four months. And then we came to Flushing, where we spent five hours on account of the tide, but no tugs bearing cameras and movie machines and talkie machines and sob-sisters and sob-brothers and scientists and pseudo-scientists came near us.

And the next day in Southampton, where we stopped to take on fresh supplies (why in the name of heaven should one go for one's supplies to a country where the better-class vegetables go unem-

ployed while the members of the Cabbage and Brussels Sprouts Union have complete control of the local market?), not a newspaperman appeared above the horizon of the endless deserted docks where "ic" and "ia" ships lay patiently waiting until the traveling world should once more have money enough to pay for their doleful splendor.

As for France, well, we knew that we would not be bothered there. For the French, in all matters not pertaining to the actual transference of hard cash, are ideal hosts. Not even the Lord himself would be disturbed by them, provided he did not show his disapproval of Ham's descendants in too personal a fashion in one of the public restaurants.

But as soon as we had the Scilly Islands behind us, the fun began. Radiograms in plaintive notes, asking for the sake of old times to help a poor, hard-working news agency out of its dilemma. Radiograms from individual papers asking for "colorful details of an intimate nature." Radiograms pleading for an exclusive arrangement in the matter of a "nation-wide radio broadcast." And every five minutes the diminutive bell hops would come rushing down the stairs with another blue envelope for the Professor, and the Professor would put it aside with the rest of its little sisters and brothers and go upstairs and sit in the freezing "veranda"—(four months of sunshine and tea in our incomparable sun parlor, as per advertisement)—with his assistant and work out those endless formulas that for all the world look like the private book-keeping system of a Chinese laundryman going over from the Sino-Annamite to the Italo-American method of accounting. Everything was still quiet, but it was the lull before the storm.

My good friend of the Hearst service, who had been delegated to accompany the Professor as a sort of temporary satellite revolving around an important visiting comet, shook his head. We both decided that something ought to be done to save these good people from themselves. Mamma spoke a little English, but of the schoolbook variety. Papa spoke fluent French but no English. The assistant could just about follow the ship's news. The secretary, poor girl, was too seasick to know whether she spoke English or not, but as a matter of fact she did not know a word of that mysterious tongue. A lovely kettle of fish for the "ship squad."

It was none of our business, of course, but believe it or not, in ninety cases out of a hundred, a newspaper man, unless terribly bedeviled by his editor, is a decent enough sort of fellow who as a rule tries to protect his patient against himself. And we split the job between us. I sent one of the most important news agencies fifty-eight dollars' worth of an impassioned (because honest) appeal saying: "For God's sake, leave this poor man alone. He is a great scientist—an amusing person—a shy person—anything you like or want, but his job is to figure out things which very few other people can figure out—and all he wants to do is to go on figuring those things out and sit with a few congenial friends, tell jokes and smoke a pipe, and live his own life. Now have a heart—this is Christmas time—era of good will and kindness and charity. Bestow upon him the only present he really wants—give him the freedom of our great Republic—that real freedom which means that a man can come and go and live as he likes."

That story (fifty-eight dollars' worth of radiogram) actually reached New York. All the personal "meat" was taken out of it as carefully as the meat which my dog Noodle fishes out of the rice which is not to his taste, but references to December skies and "a humorous, shy and congenial man patiently puffing his pipe over the intricacies of endless mathematical formulas" were reprinted in capital type. The rest of the story went into the wastebasket.

And the efforts of my brother-in-arms fared little better. He had firmly, and we thought successfully, suggested that the Professor avoid a too exhausting personal encounter with the newspapermen by preparing a short, definite statement—a sort of proclamation to the American people, setting forth all he had to say—and then let it go at that. Of course there had to be a few pictures and perhaps a movie or talkie (the Professor, who is an adept at microphone technique, curiously enough hates posing for a talkie), but everything would be done with great decorum and after that the Professor would be free to enjoy our city as suited him and Mamma and he would find that New York was not such a bad place, after all.

Of what actually happened, the less said the better. It was the most monstrous, scandalous performance New York harbor had witnessed since the days when the ship reporters first sallied forth on board the pilot boats. None of us was prepared for such an outburst of hysteria. No one on board the ship had made any plans to stem that tide of irrepressible curiosity. I knew that a great many things had changed in this country since Jackie Coogan started to do ghost-writing for Calvin Coolidge, but this hysteria surpassed everything I had ever seen, and I am one of the survivors of that dreadful disgrace when Gorky came to our hospitable shores and was, socially speaking, assassinated at the instigation of the diplomatic representatives of the late Nicholas Alexandrovitch Romanov.

The poor man sat through it all patiently enough. As a true disciple of Spinoza, he was willing to be an interested and amused spectator of life. Well, if this were life as understood by the citizens of the Great Republic, let us watch it and study it and classify it among our other manifestations of animate organic existence. And let us hasten to add that the newspapermen were not to blame. They hated the loathsome job that had been forced upon them, the endless idiotic questions, the idiotic queries about God Almighty and His Universe; they

hated it, but orders were orders and the country was Einstein-wild.

And that is the most pathetic part of the whole story. Our need of a prophet is so great, our desire to be delivered from the blessings of living in the richest and finest and most prosperous of all nations is so urgent and profound that we simply must not overlook a chance. And this man with his mysterious formulas (as mysterious to the eye of a trained mathematician as an ordinary blue print is to the understanding of the average builder or architect), this dreamy-looking sage who had upset all our previous notions about the Universe (*"Lieber Gott!"* Einstein whispered in despair, *"habe ich das wirklich getan?"*), was our most recent short cut to God. Our most recent and therefore our most dependable. It is true he did not wear a turban or a toga. But, thank heaven, he had long, fuzzy hair and apparently was possessed of only one suit of clothes. He could not have filled the role any better if he had taken a six-months' course on "how to be an irresistible leader of men."

Well, when this comes to the newsstands, Einstein will have reached California. Unless his loving friends have in the meantime killed him by way of a speedy little case of pneumonia or bronchitis, unless his too-ardent Zionist, pacifist, anti-nationalist, socialist or what-have-you admirers have inspired the American Legion to take steps to prevent his setting further foot upon the soil of the United States, he will be incorporated among the major and minor saints of the fertile valleys of California and sob-sisters will surreptitiously try to cut off the fringes from his fast graying locks.

For he is our latest short cut to the Deity, to Salvation without works, our most recent Deus ex Machina (and what a Machina! when all straight lines and parallel thingamajigses are guaranteed to do the exact opposite from what they have always done), he is—he may be—no, he positively is the Savior, who by rubbing the magic stone will cure us of all our ills.

What of it that he himself violently, yea, angrily, disclaims to be any of all these things? What of it that he pretends to be nothing more exciting than a hard-working and slightly disillusioned physicist, a kindly soul, well nigh desperate about being in a world ruled solely by stupidity and greed and sheepish acquiescence in everything evil, as long as it does not insist upon making its nest in our own front yard? Nothing he could possibly say or do can now save him from his preordained fate of acting as a short cut to God, until the terrible moment when we shall denounce him as a fraud and a fake and shall start galloping after some new deity who has descended from Heaven in an umbrella or who lives exclusively on a diet of pulverized bricks.

Even when I am writing this, I notice that Saint Simeon Stylites of the X. Y. Z. Hotel is no longer dangling from the top of his flagpole, and now I remember that the morning papers said something about his being incensed at the sudden lack of publicity his noble act of self-sacrifice was receiving. Enter Einstein, exit Shipwreck Kelly! And next month, for all we know, enter Shipwreck Kelly and exit Einstein! A comfortable short cut to the unattainable and salvation without an effort. "From the dreary boredom of our frustrated lives, O Lord, deliver us by giving us a pill!"

Done and writ, my friends, in the week before the Nativity and exactly nineteen hundred and thirty years after that memorable event.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Two American Boys in the U.S.S.R.

David and Robin Kinkead, the authors of this series, the second instalment of which is printed below, are two American boys who worked their way over to Russia and got jobs in Moscow, one as an English teacher and the other as assistant to an American correspondent. Their letters, addressed to members of the family, were written without any thought of publication, and are presented just as they stand. The third instalment will appear next week.—THE EDITORS.

WE HAVE now been in Moscow four weeks. We have had our own room for two weeks; are earning our own living; I have barged into the newspaper game; we understand more about Russia and the Russian language every day and expect to have the latter well under control within the next few months. I am certainly glad I came. The trip was hard as hell, but worth while, considering the end. I find here a mental stimulus that I need. Moscow is the most unusual and different place that I have ever seen, and for that reason among others, is the most fascinating. There are more beautiful cities than Moscow: there are cities with more pretty women, and more pretty shops: there are cities with good pipe tobacco: but they all lack that current of real life that you feel flowing here. I have lots of fun. Of course, the main thing is the fact that they are actually working for Communism, and you know, when you buy something, that the dough isn't going into the pocket of some fat guy or on his wife's back. It's great to pass swell buildings that used to be the gilded resorts of the rich and see them being used by the people and for the people.

A lot of people gripe me by coming here and

finding that they can't have all the butter and eggs they want, and that their bathtub perhaps doesn't drain well, and that people jostle them on the street instead of stepping into the gutter as the august personage goes by. They damn the whole works on account of these few personal discomforts. They forget that these are quite minor things and that the really important things are ridding the country of the *kulak,* starting collective farms and carrying out the Five Year Plan. While the personal discomforts are, no doubt, a trifle disagreeable at times, I am glad on the whole that they exist. Never before did I realize how much a good crop means and how dependent we are on bread. Hence, I shall have a fuller life in the future. All my views are being clarified and organized by the experience I am getting here. At home I felt as if I were merely dawdling away and wasting my life, but here I feel as if I were really living and seeing life as it is.

Things are going fine. My visa has been extended six months, so I shan't have to bother getting one every month, and today I received my correspondent's card, which gets me a lot of privileges, including permission to buy butter, bread, eggs, etc., at the big market on the Tverskaya. We are now living by our own efforts. We had a meeting of the treasury department yesterday and find we have enough money on hand to guarantee us an easy living until we get our next pay for work we are doing now. We want to save some money to travel next summer and to tide us over in case lessons peter out in the summer. It's lots of fun earning our own living in a strange land. I now plan to stay here another year at least because it is so interesting. From time to time I shall take a little trip to Warsaw for a week in the lap of luxury and then come back. We want to travel all over Russia too. We plan to make a trip to Leningrad before summer. It costs only five dollars to go there and takes overnight. There is no trouble about finding a place to live there. R. K.

Mrs. B—— (our hostess) has a job now in a *chainaya* (tea house) and goes to work every day at about eight o'clock. B—— has no job, so he stays home, sweeps, cooks and generally keeps the house in order. So the conditions are reversed in this house for the time. The wife goes out and brings in the bacon, while the husband stays home and does the domestic work. B—— works as an interpreter or guide, when he can get a job. Business in that line is slack at this time of year and all he does is to hang a bit of wall paper now and then. He says now that he thinks he will try to get a job as cook somewhere. He has a hard time getting a job because he comes from the wrong sort of people. He doesn't harbor any bitterness about it though. He realizes that there is nothing personal in it at all and frankly says that things are, on the whole, much better now than they were before. He says that he is discriminated against because it is felt that if any counter-revolution comes, it will, of course, come from the old aristocrats. Ninety-nine out of a hundred old aristocrats, if they gave jobs to them, might be perfectly O. K. in every respect and a help to society, but one might be a bad one. There's no way of telling, and they can't give the ninety-nine jobs and run the risk of letting the one who might do real damage into the inside of things. B——'s a good fellow. Mrs. B—— came home tonight with her first month's pay. As soon as she arrived she took the money out of her purse and handed it over to B—— and he calmly put it into his own pocket. It seemed funny. After all, though, why is it any stranger for a wife to hand money to her husband than for a husband to hand money to his wife? And no matter who holds the money it will be spent for the same things. D. K.

Thursday night, when we went over to D——'s weekly "salon," we stayed so late that the trams had stopped running. It was about two and they stop at one. So we bargained with an *izvoschik* who was sitting there. We asked how much to our place and he said four rubles. We parried with "one" and he snapped "three," which we ducked and sent in a "two." He shook his head, so we started walking off yelling "two" over our shoulders once in a while. That is the proper technique. If he wants to take you, he will come running after you in the sleigh. He didn't, so we went on and soon found a line of them. We picked the first boy and suggested that he take us home for a ruble. "Three," said he. "One-fifty" we came back. No? All right. So off we started. But he whipped up his nag and came after us, and motioned to get into the seat, which is so narrow that half of me hung over one side, and three-quarters of David, as he is bigger. We sang jolly ditties on the way home. Every time a militiaman hove in view, the *izvoschik* would hold up a warning hand and we would pipe down, to break forth again once we were by him. You feel as if you were really in Russia when you ride in one of these things over the frozen ground. When we got home I was conscience-stricken at the low price I had bargained for, so we gave him two rubles. He was tickled to death.

Tomorrow B—— is going to get bread cards for us. We have lived here a month now and are both working, so we have a right to them. It will enable us to get more of the cheap tea. You can buy all the tea you want at a ruble-fifty for one hundred grams, but with the card you can get the same amount for about half. The sausage they sell here is all one kind, quite a bit on the order of bologna. But it tastes much better. I am fond of it fried and have it every morning for breakfast, and the other day I felt hungry when I was going over to see Mrs. P—— so I bought three hundred grams of it, about two-thirds of a pound, and took it with me. She had bread and made tea for me, so I had a fair meal for twenty-five cents. R. K.

It is surprising the way Russians pack themselves into rooms. We never know how many people we are going to find sleeping around here when we come home at night. Last night we came in and found five sleeping in the other room: on the regular bed were Mrs. B—— and her sister, on the couch were B—— and his uncle, while little Boris was draped over a couple of chairs. D. K.

Do you know, in the new community dwelling houses the people have no more privacy than in a fraternity house, which set me to wondering whether the desire for privacy is innate or acquired. I shall see Professor X——, who is one of the planners of this style of dwelling, tonight and ask him what he thinks about it.

Last night they had a big parade, in lorry buses and on foot, of all the engineers and technical workers in Moscow. They all gathered in Theater Square and had what in America would be called a "pep" meeting on the Five Year Plan. There must have been about ten thousand gathered, in all. Speeches were made and everybody yelled and went home filled with enthusiasm. R. K.

It is astounding the amount of energy that is let loose in Russia now. Take one of my pupils at the AMO works. He works four out of five days at AMO. On the fifth day, instead of resting as he should, he works at some institute. After dinner he gets together with some of his pals and works at something, I don't quite know what, until ten or eleven o'clock at night. He studies English too. And still he seems to be fresh and full of vim and vigor. How can they do it? P—— can't fathom it, either. He says that so many people refuse to take their fifth day that they are considering passing a rule to make it compulsory to take it. When you see some of the things they are doing and some of the blunders they make, you wonder how they accomplish the wonderful things that they do. It must be because there is such an enormous lot of energy turned loose that even if some of it is misdirected, what isn't goes ahead apace.

We get a big kick out of our new hats, and besides it's fun to walk along the street and not be stared at. Our other clothes still afford some amusement for the natives. The other day, as I was standing in the street, a stranger came up to me, tapped me on the shoulder and pointing to my French shoes said, "Citizen, where did you get those shoes?" I replied that I had got them in France. He nodded his head and kept on looking me up and down. Suddenly his eye lit on my flannel shirt with the zipper down the front and he became puzzled again. "Citizen, where did you get that shirt?" "I bought that shirt in America." This staggered him and he walked away. When I got on the street car a few minutes later, I looked back and saw him standing, still staring after me. If he had carried on his little investigation to its natural conclusion, he would have found that my overcoat came from England, and that would have finished him, I think.

My lesson at AMO is at four o'clock. At about three I put on my nice warm fur-lined coat and my bizarre black hat and plunge out into the cold and snow. I walk about a block and a half to Kalushkaya Square, where I fight my way into a B tram. A lot of other Muscovites want to get on the same street car at the same time, so that in the fracas I very likely have another button ripped off my coat, my hat is knocked sideways and anything soft in my pockets is crushed. But I get on all right, because there are few men in Moscow who can best either of us in a rough-and-tumble fight. As everywhere else, for some reason, the fat, middle-aged women are the worst elbowers of all. If I am lucky I get a seat. When I sit down I immediately begin rubbing with my fingers and blowing to make a hole of about the size of a silver dollar in the frost on the window. Once I get this peephole made, I cock an eye out of it every time we come to a stop to see where I am. When I first arrived it was as scary as hell to ride on the trams because I felt so shut up, and even if I could see out, I was afraid I couldn't recognize the place where I wanted to get off. But now I am an expert, and am never carried by my station. After about fifteen minutes I get off this moving refrigerator of a tram car at Taganka. Here I stand around another fifteen minutes stamping my feet until a Number 16 car comes along. When it finally does come, I go through the same battle to get on as before, and after about twenty minutes I am at AMO, the end of the line. Once there I show my pass to a mild little red soldier at the gate, and walk in.

My shoemaker has put me off no less than seven times on the date of the completion of my nice black Russian boots. Damn his soul! It seems he gave them to somebody to put the finishing touches on and he knows only the first name of this man and doesn't know where he lives and the man hasn't turned up with the boots yet. I would like to beat him up, but that wouldn't do. These are the times when it would be nice to be able to speak Russian fluently. I should like to make some cutting remark to him that would rankle and make him lie awake nights trying to think of an answer, but so far I have been able to think of nothing satisfactory.

I am now earning between a hundred and fifty and two hundred rubles a month with my group and private lessons. You can live cheaply in Moscow. I could easily get along on a hundred rubles a month.

From all that I have seen and heard I am convinced that Russia will be the leading country of the world before long. They have unbounded energy, brains and enthusiasm, and all of it is directed toward one clear and definitely defined goal. They make mistakes, of course, and big mistakes, but such a wealth of energy and singleness of purpose

are bound to succeed in the end, barring a big catastrophe. As for me, I am enjoying it no end, and if I don't actually take up permanent residence here, I shall at least stay for some time to come. It is interesting, new, different, stimulating—all that goes to make for a lively mental life. History is in the making here and if you don't actually see the big things going on under your very eyes, you feel very definitely that they are going on and everyone is forever talking about them.

P—— is most enthusiastic. Among other things he says that he thinks that the youth, energy and determination of the new engineers will more than make up for the terrible scarcity of old and experienced engineers. Also he says that in the first year of operation the new communal and collective farms will account for 50 percent of the coming crop.

The other day I was sitting in a bus and a couple of militiamen climbed on. I noticed that one of them looked extremely young and boyish for a policeman, and upon looking closer discovered that it was a woman, and just a young woman at that. What a surprise. You can imagine women in almost everything else, but somehow you never imagine a woman as a policeman. On the tram that I just came in on from AMO the motorman and the conductor were both women. I see lots of women shoveling snow in the street every day, but I haven't seen a woman with a pick yet. Good for the women! D. K.

This climate is greatly exaggerated. It really isn't as bad as New York from the point of view of any suffering from it. Now the weather is hanging just below freezing and the snow is a bit sticky so that it makes "good packing" for the kids who want to throw snowballs. I must be growing up, because I don't find any of my old joy in throwing them. I once tried throwing a couple at a bunch of kids who bombarded me as I stepped out of my door. The government encourages skiing and other snow sports by selling the equipment at a very low price. For instance, you can buy a pair of ordinary clamp skates for three dollars, and a good pair of skis for seven dollars, which is low, considering the prices they charge for other things.

We miss our good old Edgeworth smoking tobacco. But if we can't get that we can have other things. Right now I am puffing on a pretty good Russian fag. Last night we smoked a lot of Camels which an American lady whom we met at the dinner given by M—— gave us. I like the Russian ones almost as well now because I am getting used to them. Then, too, whenever I want to, I may step out into the street, walk a couple of blocks to the store and buy all the vodka, white wine, red wine, liqueurs, cognac, rum and brandy that I want. As a result of being able to do this, I rarely take advantage of it. R. K.

DAVID AND ROBIN KINKEAD.

Harold Weston's Adventure

HAROLD WESTON is the painter of some thrilling expressions to which the nude has served as a text. The fact is curiously distinguishing at the present hour. During the period since Renoir, the nude has rather steadily "descended the stairs" in the hierarchy of pictorial, as severalized from sculptural and photographic, motives; all throughout the Parisian art factory's proliferation of interpretations of the human form. These arrangements have been growing smugger and more boring every season. Matisse's productions have become progressively little-saying and redolent of bourgeois complacency. He threatens to turn into the least rewarding of modern painters. Derain's golden weights of flesh have long appeared to us the facile, overrated products of a great but compromised ability.

Weston, however, figures as one of the relatively few moderns in whom the body's forms have roused an eloquence of color, line and shape: vivid trains of heavy pigment and vigorously projected masses which have assigned him an honorable place in the ranks of his fellows. Other painters of his special subject, several Americans in particular, may appeal with greater proficiency of technique and smoother and more piquant representations. The young Philadelphian's manner is unquestionably raw. But very few of his competitors parallel the fire and force of attack to which his moving torsos bear emphatic witness.

Weston is a colorist, and his sensation and experience of woman are expressed in body-like volumes and extensions excitingly pitched and laid across his canvases; realized in sometimes strident, sometimes delicate, but always rich, solemn and daring harmonies of hue. One of the best of his nudes is painted in a rhythm and structure of ardent color, of angry, vehement, wonderfully heavy and driving garnets and purples. Another has the more aerial, floating tone of mountains in blue October, and mingles with the sensations of flesh the cool mysteriousness of sharp aromatic air, golden crests and profound and lonely lakes. One or two others are realized with a solidity of pose and color expressive of resistance and defiance. There are still others in which horizontality, and lowness and silveriness of tone, speak utter weariness, submission, relaxation.

In every case, they distill a very fresh sense of things: novel and a little strange and virginal. There are invariably a fine tremulousness, a dazzlement, in these interpretations of the nude; emotional blinding of an experience attained with anything but ease, and Canaan to the groping wayfarer. An accent of triumph is prevalent, a rapture come with freedom from tough bondage. Certain of the headless forms, and bodies pitched crown downward, torso up, appear almost literally symbolical of physical realities achieved: regulations of the parasitic, detached, obstructive men-

tality of puritan peoples; victories of sensation, feeling and the other direct contacts with the natural world. This impression is fortified by the rest of Weston's work, the still lifes, landscapes and portraits, as well as nudes. One feeling pervades them all, good, indifferent, spontaneous, effortful: a coarse but always powerful sense of homely realities. Those rude, bare shapes of his, resembling the knotted contours of roots, hard, wrinkled peasant flesh, primitive materials and things worn by the elements, convey in a hundred degrees of intensity the quality of living stripped to the essentials; the acrid breath of the rough and solid earth beneath.

Certain of these juxtaposed forms convey a flush of the human intimacy so ludicrously rare in our civilization; a reflection of the quiet approach and touch and concord of things deeply related and freely moving. The feeling of home is very plain, too, in the many little divinations of the guardian, humble, friendly spirits of animate and inanimate objects; in the multiform record of a small quietly crescent corner of children and windows, cats and terraces. The communications relate not only to the private life. The large world is tangent here as well. One of Weston's characteristically elongated designs of a cat extended in anticipation of the mouse catches the sinister spirit of the arena. The freedom, stark essentiality and expression of fanaticism of one of his sculpturally, grandiosely handled heads transmit a radical movement flowing straight from Russia.

All in all, this little sum of work is a most heartening event. It is very evidently the first manifestation of a sizable force. Despite its irritating slowness and occasional deflection, its progress has been certain. The volumes in some of Weston's last paintings are intensely juxtaposed to the point of appearing far larger in reproduction than they actually are. The latest nudes embody a fine gradualness of approach and steady articulation of form. Besides, the spiritual implications of these paintings are important in a bourgeois America, dangerously removed from the simple realities and the struggle with nature by a thousand conventionalities and sentimentalities. Weston is by no means the only artist or worker directly in contact with basic things and open to their solicitations and influences. He is far from being the richest in emotional experience and ability. Still, to view a show of his work, one even as partially representative of him as the recent exhibition at the Montross Gallery, is immediately to feel the expansion of the American personality, the new adventure of the older American stock. Those thick flakes of paint and high, triumphant color harmonies of his communicate a living experience somehow declarative of a peculiar American, Yankee, Quaker and "ethical" angle of vision and base of exploration; implying by virtue of their appearance a collective origin.

The agent of this reference may be obscure. One critic has detected a "Whitmanic" note in Weston's work. It is true that his expression is predominantly electric and nervous, more explosive perhaps than passionate; his color schemes frequently tart and cool; his paint quality shaggy and bare of slickness. And these characteristics may well be racial. Whatever the cause: to stand among these shocks of vividness and sympathetic encompassment of many impulses, passions, movements, is joyfully to feel the freshness, simplicity and realism of the life of people one knows, people one scarcely knows, people whose existence one merely surmises; a movement of healthy adjustment to the world quietly growing and leavening a generation.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Washington Notes

Hoover Pulls His Punches—Too Dignified to Fight—Out-maneuvered by Little Bob—First Round to the Senate

BY ALL the rules of reason Mr. Hoover should come out of this session of Congress stronger, so far as popular sentiment is concerned, than he went in. Any President so situated naturally has the advantage of Congress and should be able to capitalize its cantankerous confusion. Generally the country is always with the President when he clashes with the Senate. He is in better position to get the public ear, reach the public mind and get the public sympathy. Here is Mr. Hoover this time, urging practical relief for the unemployed and drought stricken, but standing against a reckless raiding of the Treasury and an embarkation upon a policy that would lead us toward the dreaded dole. Under these circumstances, the more violent the personal attacks upon him by anti-administration Senators, the better he should stand in popular estimation. Yet such is the political ineptitude of the White House in these matters that I doubt very much if Mr. Hoover will reap nearly as much in the way of political capital as he normally should. The main trouble with him in matters such as this is that he does not seem able to bring himself to the point of going the full distance.

For instance, he gives out a hot statement that gets him the headlines and arouses the public interest. The "corps of correspondents" burn the wires with stories that the President has determined to "take his case to the country" because he realizes that the only way to deal with a recalcitrant Congress is to go over its head to the people. The people were all ready and ripe to be appealed to. Of course there was a furious counterattack in the Senate, with loud yelps of rage from those he hit. That should have been deeply encouraging to Mr. Hoover, but it seems to have had the reverse effect upon this curious man. Instead of following up his advantage with another blast, giving them, as it were, the second barrel, he sits back, lets the Senate have all the rest of the publicity and complains because his lukewarm party leaders in the Senate do not defend him. Thus, the natural advantage of a clash with Congress slips away from him and he is back where he was. In other words, he does not "follow through."

I do not ascribe this sort of thing, as a good many do, to fear or inherent inability to fight. Rather, I think that Mr. Hoover has an innate distaste for, rather than fear of, a row. The spectacle of the Chief Executive of the nation exchanging epithets and denunciatory statements with the legislative branch of the government seems to him an utterly undignified and deplorable thing to do. What he would like is to have the denunciations of himself answered by administration supporters, leaving him free to function in an aloof and dignified manner. That would be very pleasant indeed, to be sure. The trouble is, for one thing, that Mr. Hoover has no administration friends in the Senate to take on that sort of job. Those who could do it for him do not want to and those who want to are for one reason or another unable to do it effectively. What is more, the people as a whole do not take to these fights by proxy. They want to hear the President defend himself. They like to see him assail Congress and hit back again when the counterattack comes.

What Mr. Hoover does may be dignified enough, but it gets nowhere and it is popularly disappointing. He misjudges the whole political psychology of his situation when, for example, he lets that clever young fellow, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., turn the tables on him with a resolution announcing that it is not the intention of the Senate to favor income taxpayers at the expense of the suffering masses. This, being a reply to Mr. Hoover's statement that some Senators were "playing politics with human misery," carried the intimation that Mr. Hoover was favoring the rich as against the poor.

There were two ways, it seems to me, in which Mr. Hoover could have met this move of his opponents. He could have expressed his gratification that such was the sense of the Senate, urged his friends in that body to vote for the resolution, and obtained its unanimous and prompt passage. This, I should say, would have left "Little Bob" looking rather foolish. It would have been dignified and it would have been clever. It probably would have made the country laugh at the Senate, which would certainly have been of benefit to the President. At any rate, it would have shut off a lot of heated and hostile Senate oratory on the subject and expedited business.

Or Mr. Hoover could have characterized the resolution as a hypocritical piece of petty politics and proceeded to lambast the Senate again for extravagance, waste of time and small querulousness. A politically wise President, with full appreciation of his publicity power, could easily have turned the resolution and the attacks into assets rather than liabilities. But Mr. Hoover did neither one nor the other. Instead, so the newspapers say, he sent for the intrepid Watson, for Walcott, for Vandenberg, for Fess, for various others, expressed to them his feeling that the resolution should be voted down and his resentment that no one had defended him on the Senate floor. He missed his chance two ways and did what appears to me the most unskillful and least effective thing possible.

These clumsy tactics make me doubt if Mr. Hoover will ever come out of this session stronger than he went in. Here we are with one month of the session gone, with Congress adjourned for the Christmas holidays, with some of the appropriation bills that could have been got out of the way still piled up, and both Houses in a snarling, bad-tempered mess. All pretense of harmony and coöperation has vanished and politics is being played all over the lot. The chief public impression of the first three weeks is of an unedifying quarrel between Senate and President. In the main the President, despite his ineptitude, has had the better of this so far as public sympathy is concerned—but not nearly so much the better of it as he might have had were he a bit more of a publicist—and a politician.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Max and the Theater

I HAVE often wondered about the columnists in our American newspapers, and have asked myself if their popularity and prevalence with our American public were not, in part at least, owing to two things. One of these is the fact that letter writing has almost ceased among us—only hasty scrawls survive or else efficient dictations to stenographers—the other is the absence of conversation. Certainly anyone who ever heard any conversation must admit that as a nation we have little to talk about, that friendship as an exchange of thoughts and reflections is almost extinct among men, where, as contrasted with women, it once had an existence, and that, though they have achieved a kind of innumerability due to money and to restless emptiness, our social gatherings have developed a vacuity that is little short of astonishing. The point is that for anybody who has heard nothing talked about and is not apt to hear anything talked about, and who never gets a letter worth reading, the lucubrations of some columnist who tells where he has been the night before and what thoughts seem interesting—or salable—to him, make a very happy post every morning. The reader has the illusion of possessing a leisurely and intelligent friend, full of things to say to him, or he seems to his subconscious self to have gotten a letter.

There is much of this columnistic effect about these criticisms of Mr. Beerbohm's[1] who took Shaw's place as dramatic critic on The Saturday Review in 1898. That Max has been a darling for a long time, and a darling such as one may nowhere else be so completely as in London, is patent. The essays are grace and leisure itself. They lilt and smile, and, though the brain beneath them is shrewd enough, they adapt themselves to their salons and the pleasant air they must frequent. In Oxford, or at least in the Oxford tradition, a certain ease, a cover on earnestness, must prevail; one's candidacy for admiration rests on this balance of sporting poise and this saturation in easeful temper. Heat in the wrong place does not burn so much as it ostracizes, and it is the famous light touch that elevates your charm. If, on a visit to Oxford, one finds that certain celebrated ironies from celebrated denizens are always and anciently afloat, and finds oneself less touched by their luster than the locality itself may be, that is one's misfortune; as indeed it is one's misfortune if, upon hearing some hearty college wit's vivacities, one thinks less of brilliance than of the elephant on the bucket when the circus opens in one's town, the heavy animal

[1] Around Theaters, by Max Beerbohm. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

struggling for some clever position that best belongs to lesser bulks. It is a limitation in this regard, I think, that the great Max should know so well—we cannot in our common idiom say his onions—shall we say his savory, as they call it at those college dinners in Oxford, savory, that strange dish of lobster in cornstarch sauce, baked macaroni or whatnot that follows the dessert and, on one's first dining in England, makes one think the cook is drunk.

What all this comes to is that all too often I found myself resenting in Mr. Beerbohm such graceful good humor where art is concerned. This willingness to admit one's obscurities and winning ignorance, one's absence of all wonder about the theater's technique, ought to be friendly and delightful; it is a sort of high-class form of the practice that a friend of mine in the opera employs on concert tours, when at a luncheon given him by the local Rotarians he explains that he is in no way different from them; singing, he assures them, is his business, just as stocks, laundries and banks are theirs—the democratic sanction that is, all men born equal under the newspaper headlines. The trouble is, I happen to know, that artists, though bad enough in their way, have a different function in the world from the general run of men. And I know that art is a matter of blood and tears now and then, or else of principles that are as alive as the principles of biology. The light touch grows into boredom all too soon when it comes to dealing with art. And the same is true of the devotion touch, by which I mean that adoration of persons that deforms the London stage, though it may increase its romance. A favorite there is a favorite, you stand in line to see him, and the basic exigencies of the stage art may go chittering into the long, familiar, doting queues in the street outside the theater.

This pleasant poise is nowhere better shown than in the review of the performance of "The Frogs," given by the O. U. D. S. at Oxford, Professor Gilbert Murray's translation. The translation itself seems to our critic a little perfunctory, perhaps, after the full virtue of Gilbert Murray's Euripides. As if those sighing translations of Euripides were not sweet with Tennyson and clouded with a wistful poetry that would have made the Greeks blush! As if the line in Sophocles about the city's being filled with prayers were not dreamed away into the cult quality by inserting so gratuitously that word *dim,* filled with dim prayers! The performance at Oxford, he finds, has much of the ancient humor and irony, as compared with the pompous performances by awe-struck London companies. Now I have seen dramatic affairs at Oxford. If ever I saw less dramatic talent, less instinct for an expressive use of the body—they could not even point—less open and carrying vowels, I don't know where it might have been. To take the Oxford "Frogs" with good spirit and fond remembrance of old times is pleasant, but I am limited enough to believe that a good dose of theatrical explanation, spanking and encouraging analysis from so eminent a critic, might, though the performance itself remained as bad as ever, at least have impressed these students for life with some conception of the difficulty or miracle of good theatrical art.

Some four-fifths of these reviews that mount toward eight hundred pages are not worth reprinting, save as suavities and breakfast reminders, or as illusionary dreams for people who have never moved in a polite world.

In that remaining fifth, however, the native shrewdness of the author shines and sings. In his own way and by means of a style often irresistible and a posture highly engaging, a veritable smooth-flowing Mincius crowned with vocal reeds, he contrives to express his great good sense and the seriousness—if not of his artistic passions—at least of his literary preferences.

About Shaw he is perhaps at his best. He can see Shaw with a drawing-room eye, which detects Shaw's lively vitality, vulgarity and lack of taste. He can look at him from a craftsman's point of view and see his brilliance of management and his technical maturity as his work grows toward its own kind of perfection. Long ago, in 1905, he was confessing his former sins against Shaw, and declaring the sense of spiritual beauty that Shaw has, the immense range of character observation, set down with some exaggeration and caricature, the artistic limitation within a moral preconception of men and society. He is capital on the subject of Irving; Irving's great air, Ellen Terry's remark that in his old age he "looked like some beautiful gray tree that I have seen in Savannah," Irving's oracular effects after his earlier *vie de Bohême* and all that folderol about exactitude that Irving put into his sumptuous productions.

About music-hall artists and the gayeties of vaudeville Max writes wisely and with zest, though he does not escape that half-affected gusto and delight that we all adopt more or less when we speak of clowns and popular entertainers. With regard to Duse, his remarks about her complete disregard of impersonation and her intense egotism have plenty of point; but the rest of her, all that great poetry and realism of the spirit, all that quiver and precision of vitality, he has no eyes for. In writing of Bernhardt he misses the weight and magnificence of her impact, but gives you the parlor pleasures of such a display of primeval forces as this jewelled, vain and well rouged planet might afford dilettantes and good diners. He has the right humor about her foibles, however, and leaves you with the knowledge that, for all his pleasant tone, she hit him well between the eyes, this great Sarah of Ellen Terry's description, "transparent as an azalea, only more so; like a cloud, only not so thick. Smoke from a burning paper describes her more nearly."

STARK YOUNG.

Who Are Not Kings

Hamlet is dead of poisoned steel,
And no Eumenides
Hawk at Orestes from the heaven-hill.
We shall not die as these,

Or see disaster in dark grace
Leap, panther-wise,
Or Nemesis with blind and august face
In lightning-clefted skies.

Ruin comes not with horns of brass,
Like riders over a hill,
But frost along the silent grass,
Ants secret in the sill.

H. BONER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Talking Things Over

SIR: Many of your readers will probably be interested in the annual meetings of the American Economic Association, the American Political Science Association, the American Sociology Society, and the American Association for Labor Legislation, which will be held in Cleveland on the last three days of December. The program of the American Association for Labor Legislation carries the title, "Third National Conference on Unemployment." Among those who will participate in the discussions, according to the program, are: Professor Paul H. Douglas, Mr. William M. Leiserson, Mr. Evans Clark, Mr. E. Dana Durand, Miss Mary van Kleeck, Senator James Couzens, Mr. Leo Wolman, Mr. Whiting Williams, Senator Robert F. Wagner, Professor John A. Lapp, Mr. I. M. Rubinow and Professor John R. Commons.

On Wednesday, December 31, there will be some important discussions of interest to those who are seeking liberal or progressive solutions of American problems. In a round table on American political thought that morning, Mr. Bruce Bliven will discuss the future for American progressivism. At a luncheon meeting that day, Professor Paul H. Douglas will discuss the League for Independent Political Action and party realignment in the United States, and Professor Edward M. Sait will take up the question of prospects of party realignment. That afternoon the American Economic Association and the American Political Science Association will have a joint session, over which Dr. Charles A. Beard will preside, and which will be devoted to the public-power problem. Dr. Ernest Gruening of The Portland Evening News, and Professor Ralph L. Dewey of Ohio State University will outline the problem, and the discussion will be taken up by Mr. Helford Erickson, Professors Finla G. Crawford of Syracuse University, Martin Glaeser of the University of Wisconsin and Irston R. Barnes of Yale University.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

Academic Freedom

SIR: I have read the editorial in your issue of December 10 on enforcing academic freedom and am gratified that you recognize the serious difficulties connected with Professor Thurstone's interesting proposals.

The statement that our reports, however, have "had no result except to direct public attention to the institution investigated and give it a severe warning," seems to take no account of the much more important result of building up a salutary public opinion in the various groups concerned with higher education, which is the best safeguard against future abuses.

We aim primarily at prevention rather than redress of grievances or vindication. We have reason to believe that substantial progress in the former direction has been made.

H. W. TYLER,
General Secretary, The American Association of University Professors.

Washington, D. C.

The Children's Health Bureau

SIR: I agree with your editorial on "Mr. Hoover and the Children," and feel that the controversy between Dr. Haven Emerson and Miss Grace Abbott was most regrettable.

However, as I heard Dr. Emerson expound the history of the United States Public Health Service, I could not help but feel that what we need in this country is a health officer with a cabinet portfolio comparable to the Health Ministry in England.

Dr. Wilbur was very careful to state his view that "Uncle Sam was not going to rock the cradle," but certainly the present position of the United States Public Health Service in the Treasury Department is not an ideal one. At the present time the Lighthouse Service and the Public Health Service are comparable. Certainly the federal government does seem unduly concerned lest some federal official might assume a position of real leadership in matters of education or health.

Leave the Children's Bureau where it is, in the Labor Department, but take the Health Service out of the Treasury Department, and make a sufficient appropriation to do an even better life-saving service than was accomplished through the Sheppard-Towner law's grants to states, and give us real, official, health leadership.

RAYMOND H. GREENMAN.

Rochester, N. Y.

Homage to Povla Frijsh

SIR: Let me congratulate you on Mr. Stark Young's article on Povla Frijsh in The New Republic of December 17. She is an artist of superlative rank in her field and has the capacity of giving immeasurable artistic and intellectual pleasure to all with ears to listen. But what about the critics? We read column after column of superficial criticism about half-baked singers with "names," while a singer of Madame Frijsh's caliber can whistle for attention for all the critics care.

To hear for the first time Madame Frijsh sing "The Albatross" is comparable in sensation to the first sight of the stained glass at Chartres or the Sistine Chapel ceiling. Any critic worth his salt should regard it his pleasure if not his duty to cry such talent to high heaven. Mr. Stark Young has said forthrightly and sympathetically what should be said by all critics in their several manners. Are we so rich in artistic integrity that we can afford to neglect such superb artistry for second-rate performances backed by obvious publicity?

New York City. THOMAS R. COWARD.

Teaching Journalism

SIR: In connection with your recent editorial article on schools of journalism, your readers may be interested in the following statement of the general principles of education for journalism as adopted by the American Association of Teachers of Journalism and the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism on December 30, 1924:

> Because of the importance of newspapers and periodicals to society and government, adequate preparation is as necessary for all persons who desire to engage in journalism as it is for those who intend to pratise law or medicine. No other profession has a more vital relation to the welfare of society and to the success of democratic government than has journalism. No other profession requires a wider range of knowledge or greater ability to apply such knowledge to current events and problems than does journalism. Adequate preparation for journalism, therefore, must be sufficiently broad in scope to familiarize the future journalist with the important fields of knowledge, and sufficiently practical to show the application of the knowledge to the practice of journalism.
>
> Under the present conditions the best means of acquiring this essential knowledge and of learning its application is a four-year course of study in a college or university, including such subjects as history, economics, government and politics, sociology, literature, natural science and psychology or philosophy. Not merely acquisition of knowledge but encouragement to independent thinking and fearless search for truth should be the purpose of all courses in preparation for the profession of journalism. Instruction in all subjects in the curriculum should be vitalized by research and contact with current developments, on the part of instructors.
>
> Preparation for journalism should also include instruction and practice in journalistic technique, and consideration of the responsibility of the journalist to society. All instruction in journalism should be based on a recognition of the function of the newspaper and other publications in society and government, and should not be concerned merely with developing proficiency in journalistic technique. The aims and methods of instruction should not be those of a trade school but should be of the same standard as those of other professional schools and colleges.
>
> Since a liberal education is recognized as essential for the journalist, the amount of instruction in journalistic technique

should not constitute so large a part of the four-year course as to exclude courses in other essential subjects. Although courses in the technique of journalism will naturally be concentrated in the last two years of the four-year course, students in these years should also have the opportunity to pursue advanced work in such subjects as economics, government and politics, history and literature.

In all courses in journalism, as in courses in other subjects, instruction should be given by teachers with adequate preparation. The requirements for instructors in journalism should include at least a bachelor's degree as well as practical journalistic experience. Moreover, instruction in journalism should be vitalized by contact with current journalistic conditions on the part of instructors.

WILLARD GROSVENOR BLEYER,
Chairman, Council on Education for Journalism.
University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

From a Dry

SIR: I note in The New Republic of November 12 that you seem to be under the impression that the Wets had a great victory on November 4. I hope you won't fool yourself about this victory. In fact, there is very little encouragement for the Wets. The Drys elected Pinchot and Walsh, and the Drys elected a Dry Governor in Ohio, although you make it appear as though he were a Wet.

All that happened on November 4 was that it was a big Democratic victory, and that not because the Democrats really deserved anything, because they do not. It simply meant that people were tired of Republicans and wanted to hit somebody and didn't know whom they could hit, so they just voted for a Democrat.

It is perfectly astonishing how the Eastern papers are all possessed over this Wet issue as though that were going to play some consequence. It is not. The President who is elected in 1932 will be a Dry and he will even be much more pronounced than Hoover is now.

I am speaking to audiences of three and four thousand each week and I am getting the temper of the people evidently from quite a different angle from yours. The New Republic is a very fine weekly paper and I don't like to see such an important journal make too big a mistake on what is happening in one of the leading issues before the people, so please don't fool yourself about this Wet issue.

FREDERICK W. ROMAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Free Gold for All

SIR: After reading Mr. E. M. H. Lloyd's article "Gold," in the November 5 issue of The New Republic, I have been endeavoring to psycho-analyze myself for failing to understand Mr. Lloyd's reasoning for our depression and his remedy. It may be that I am simply dumb, but it is possible that Mr. Lloyd does not present the mechanics of the situation in simple and concise language. The fact is, that after reading and re-reading the article, I find that I know about as much as I did when I was a boy listening to McKinley expound the virtues of a Gold Standard and William Jennings Bryan bellow about Free Silver. I liked Bryan, no doubt, for the reason that the word "Free" preceded the word "Silver." This meant a solution of my troubles. The thing that worried me then seems to be the thing that worries me now—how to get more money, free or otherwise, so as to buy necessities and occasionally a luxury.

A Jewish newsboy here in Los Angeles always yells his wares as I pass: *"Zuras in Amerika,"* meaning, Trouble in America. When I buy a paper he always answers my query, How are you? *"Alles das felt mir is mere gelt,"* meaning, The only trouble I have is, I need more money. Mr. Lloyd says that "the only rational remedy for the paradoxical state of overproduction and underconsumption from which the world suffers is actually the creation of more money." What I want to know is, how this newsboy and myself can get more money. If we had more money we could buy more of the world's goods and probably donate a dollar occasionally to some worth-while liberal organization. As long as the present scheme of things remains, the more money that is created the more those in power can obtain and the stronger they will get to exploit further the masses. A little more directness and simplicity would help to understand the subject better.

Yours for the unlimted coinage of gold, free, if possible, for all.

SAUL S. KLEIN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

But They're Still Selling Them

SIR: If you and Mr. Lawrence Dennis had told us early last year what you are telling us now about foreign bonds, it would have done us some good. All you are doing now, with your wonderful wisdom after the event, is to rub salt into our wounds.

SETH E. HAZZARD.

San Diego, Calif.

T. R. and Taft

SIR: The review by Professor Lovett in The New Republic for November 12 entitled "The Strange Case of Mr. Roosevelt and Dr. Taft" has proved, for me, reading of a very delightful kind. I knew both men as one who served in the press gallery of Washington while they served in the White House. Though I have not read the three books which are the occasion for the review, I have found in Professor Lovett's comment an absorbing interest. I wonder if there is anything in all three of the books put together as good as the last paragraph of the review:

> Roosevelt was a great President and he enjoyed the office as no other holder of it has done. Taft was a mediocre President and he is among the presidential martyrs.

ALLEN D. ALBERT.

Chicago, Ill.

League for Political Action in Chicago

SIR: A chapter of the League for Independent Political Action is now being formed in Chicago. All those interested in the organization will please write to me, care of Long, 3318 West Division Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. BOZMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Toward the Publication of Peirce's Works

SIR: The work of Charles S. Peirce, the American philosopher, was never fully published in his lifetime; but we already know enough of it to suspect that he is one of the great seminal minds that America has produced. Two members of the Department of Philosophy at Harvard have gathered together Peirce's voluminous notes and papers, and they are now ready for publication, in at least six volumes. The very small sum of two thousand dollars is still necessary to complete the amount needed to defray the cost of publication. The publication of Peirce's thought is an outstanding event both for philosophy and for American culture: that it should be delayed by the lack of two thousand dollars is something more than an absurdity. This is an appeal, therefore, not for subscriptions to the edition, but for the outright gift, on the part of one or more wealthy persons, of the necessary sum. I realize that many men are on the verge of starvation this winter, and that there are immediate claims on a generous purse: but starvation of the spirit is as disastrous as starvation of the body; and in meeting one situation, let us not forget the other.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

New York City.

The Technique of Voltaire

Voltaire, by Georg Brandes. Translated by Otto Kruger and Pierce Butler. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 2 vols. 792 pages. $10.

Voltaire, by C. E. Vulliamy. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 349 pages. $3.50.

THE WORDS of Voltaire, in the legendary ninety-seven volumes, are forgotten; the name still enchants biographers and their booksellers. Why should it not? The long life of this ugly little Parisian touches nearly every side of the great eighteenth century in France: the age of reason, the "age of Voltaire." His prodigious energy, the immense span and variety of his interest, stupefy us; while the miscellaneous, *occasional* medley of his writings discourages. His nature was full of contradictions and sores to be probed with endless delight by the psychologist. The common reader, on the other hand, may feed his inferiority complex from every page of the detailed, unblushing account given by the late Georg Brandes.

Voltaire was glorious and rich; for all his withered face, long nose and glittering eye, he was infinitely charming, especially in conversation. He was also an habitual liar, something of a scoundrel, and a usurer; he was (probably) impotent, and licentious only by convention; he was at times generous and daring, at others frightened and egotistical. Indeed, he was all this; and he has been universally regarded as the true pattern of the French or Gallic spirit; although for the uses of such generalization we should respectfully refer only to his particular charm and his intellectual limitations, rather than to his chancres.

Le clair génie français brimmed in Voltaire: logical without profundity, sympathetic without excesses, enemy to obscurantism and dogma, he was witty, impudent, garrulous, salty, but with imagination neither great nor painful. For the French spirit, whose model is Voltaire, life was an endless *causerie;* one amused oneself and amused others. It was all very fine, quick, varied; the exchange of regards, favors, flattery was a native air, breathed without difficulty. "Agile and sinuous," Taine analyzes this spirit, "conversation was for him like the flight of a bird: he traveled from idea to idea, always on the alert, excited by the movement of others, with leaps, turns and unexpected sallies, now darting to earth, now skimming the highest summits, without ever falling into bogs, or becoming entangled in the brush, or ever demanding of the thousand objects he grazes anything but the diversity and the gayety of their aspects."

The French genius for clarity has undergone an eclipse; its shallowness has been exposed by German and English laboriousness. "Not a single, original idea in all Voltaire!" Carlyle announced. And the literary reaction has been fairly complete as well. We recognize that for the sake of decorum, elegance and wit, the school of Voltaire rendered the language impoverished and lifeless, as it had never been in the hands of Rabelais, Montaigne and La Fontaine. In their theater, the contemporaries of Voltaire preserved the classical restrictions of Corneille and Racine, but retained none of the vitality of the great seventeenth-century men. Voltaire's own plays are stilted, and full of circumlocutions which avoid the too great contrasts of a Shakespeare who wrote "without taste" and "like a drunken savage." It is a lesson to us, *not to preserve or return to the forms of another period,* be it classical or medieval, after those forms have grown hollow and lost all living value. "There was not a blade of grass," says Brandes, in all Voltaire's poetry. Alas, a great revolution was imminent. Soon the Swiss, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and his myriads of disciples were to fill the language with forests, meadows and every kind of verdure.

The deflation of Voltaire's glory as a poet and philosopher was begun long ago, and by now is a cruelly completed task. It is only in the role of a publicist that he remains an immortal example. Voltaire was a superb journalist, in his own fashion; perhaps the greatest that ever lived. All that he wrote, epic, play, epistolary poem, was timely. He could work up the proper enthusiasm and interest, necessary to a good publicist, over any external, public event. If a battle was won, if there was an earthquake at Lisbon, if an innocent man was unjustly condemned, Voltaire rushed to pen and paper. His correspondence flew to every corner of Europe; every letter that he sent from his refuge in Switzerland, as Brandes observes, "was circulated all over Paris on its arrival and became as well known as today a newspaper article printed in many thousand copies."

We may follow his career and judge of his technique in the voluminous biography of Brandes, which leaves nothing out, and, somewhat less accurately, in the briefer, "popularized" work of Mr. C. E. Vulliamy. It is regrettable that Georg Brandes wrote his "Voltaire" in his own declining years, and that in the too great wealth of racy details he lost trace of the central design—in this case the development of Voltaire's ideas, which were so signally transmitted to the age. Voltaire has too long been known as the man who molded his century. What we perceive more clearly now is that he was completely a creature of his time, controlled and stamped by all its various movements, aspirations and fashions.

Born in Paris in the last gloomy stage of Louis XIV's reign, he grew up with the prevailing ambition to be a courtier, the only career, under the centralized despotism, that might possibly lead to glory. His talent for literature was a jewel displayed for the sake of that distinction which birth had failed to confer upon him. Gayety, wit, a kind of histrionic ability to shine and dominate in company, carried him far, at Versailles as in the mansions of Paris. He became something of a lion; he won such patrons as that great lord and dandy, the Duke de Richelieu. The famous misadventure of 1725 marks the rejection of Voltaire by the old regime. Insulted and beaten by the lackeys of an aristocrat, his only choice was between imprisonment and exile. One's notion of him, at this time, is of a powerful ego, longing for personal liberty so that he might satisfy his ambitions, hating all the restraints of "the infamous" institutions of church, court and feudal justice, of the superstition and bigotry which menaced the free and comfortable development of a bourgeois writer. The fifty years that follow are but the chronicle of the vengeance he took. It is chiefly as the implacable enemy of the old regime—despite occasional offers to sell out—that we prefer to remember him, after the banishment to England. To "crush the infamous" became his great cheerful business in this life.

In England, Newton's universe and the British idea of a middle-class democracy penetrated his mind and were swiftly communicated by him to the rest of Europe. This was all that he did: a hastening of the rational process working through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by which the heavens were emptied of their angels and demons, the Church was separated from the State, and an equal code of justice eventually established for all members of society. It was a great deal, because England had moved far in advance of the rest of the world since 1688. When he returned to the Continent a few years later, the thought currents of the century were vibrant in Voltaire

and issued freely through him. He must have been intensely aware of his destiny, since he soon communicated his fervor to thousands of disciples; he must have intensely enjoyed his high role as publicist and social crusader for the age of reason, his lifelong grip on the powerful machinery he directed.

The age was one of a moral transition even greater than our own; and the role which Voltaire chose, now still, as then, offers the maximum of excitement and vicarious power. It is Voltaire's method, his art of life, rather than his word, that remains most instructive for us. In view of the new regimentation of humanity in our own time, and the great mechanical media at hand to reach it with, we imagine even wider scope for the Voltaires of the future.

To fight the system which cast him out, Voltaire used the weapons of that very system, with consummate skill and without dignity. A ruthless, hypocritical authority opposed him; the books of the Philosophers were condemned and burned by the common hangman; the authors were banished or imprisoned. But can ideas be burned? It is one of the contradictions of the old regime that the banned pamphlets were circulated everywhere, all the more avidly for being banned.

Voltaire became anonymous, though none failed to recognize his mocking tones, his peculiar irony without exaggeration. When the iniquitous writings were traced to his hand, he would deny his authorship with tears in his eyes. The "English Letters," published anonymously, are typical of his strategy. Voltaire, pretending to share the prejudices of a loyal Frenchman who has been educated by Jesuits, here describes with mock dismay the queer liberties he has observed in England, the unheard-of power of Parliament, the spread of deism, the unhampered activity of trade. His own countrymen, however, did not miss the veiled criticism directed at them; and the effect was explosive. The work was officially condemned; but Voltaire went his way, issuing anonymous attacks on the Old Testament, on Louis XV, on all the rooted prejudices of his time, while living warily at the very edge of the kingdom. At Cirey, where he spent his middle years with the "scientist" Madame du Chatelet, he was but a few miles from the independent duchy of Lorraine. At Ferney, in his old age, he was near three frontiers, Swiss, French and Sardinian; so that at a moment's warning he could leap into a carriage and fly, cursing and weeping, to safety.

To the very end of his days he carried on the farce of playing the true believer and loyal subject. For the theater he would write such things as "Mahomet," ostensibly an exposure of Oriental fanaticism, actually a piece of special pleading against Christian intolerance as well. But Voltaire, parading as a champion of Christianity, procured for the play the blessings of the Pope, to whom it was dedicated! When it was too widely recognized that this man was the most formidable enemy ever known to organized religion, he confounded his decriers by going to cathedral mass, merely to enrage a bishop who loathed him. The consistent unscrupulousness, the numberless deceptions practised, were always justified on the grounds of the treachery of the system he opposed. All such farce, which calls to mind the French Dadaists of recent years, has given rise to the adjective "Voltairean."

It was part of his code to attract to himself monarchs, such as Frederick the Great, or royal mistresses, such as Pompadour. From them he plucked large payments for services, or information which led to wealth. This wealth in turn was multiplied through successful ventures with money lenders. He became independent, able to pay bribes for his own immunity and comfort, able to publish a flood of his own works, and—as his patrons perceived to their sorrow—undermine the very foundations of their power.

Voltaire's audacious career which made him "a symbol, a legend," is retold without emphasis or proportion in Brandes, and with something approaching uncritical wonder in the shorter work of Vulliamy. It is clear, however, that the great man reached the high point of his technique and his power in the Calas case of 1762, which had the magnitude of the Dreyfus affair. The Protestant, Calas, had been broken on the wheel by the bigots of Toulouse; it remained to save his family from the same fate, and to make an example of the case. From his refuge in the Alps, Voltaire directed the sensational campaign to alarm all Europe by a torrent of letters. The magistrates of Toulouse were amazed at the intercession of a distant being who beat upon them with waves of public opinion; they resisted for years, but were overwhelmed and shamed in the end.

The public campaigns of his last years, for Calas, Sirven and La Barre, formed Voltaire's finest gestures to history. There were moments, however, when he lost sight of his own high purpose, turning all the power of his wealth, talent and corps of assistants to the needs of his own vanity. Now he annihilates the forgotten Crébillon and Fréron, who are his rivals; now he employs anonymous libel to ruin the tormented Rousseau, a major adversary who threatens to eclipse him. For he must have had a premonition that the dazzling glory he walked in was all temporal. These momentous strayings, which used to enrage Carlyle, are copiously related by Brandes; they illuminate the principles of Voltaire and deprive his cause of dignity.

There are many other deficits which the oracular man must be prepared to face. Certainly, in a career devoted to public and worldly affairs he must sacrifice something of the perfection which the secluded, long brooding man achieves in his ideas. For the sake of power he must be eternally close to his time, supremely engrossed in all its currents and prejudices. Above all, he must use the weapons of his time. But, though he plays this game more intensely than all the others, he is the first to go "out of date."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

History While You Wait

Success, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. $3.

THE DANGER in pickling historical events before they have had time to cool off is that any moment they are likely to swell up and pop the lid off the container. Herr Feuchtwanger makes an impressive attempt to evaluate certain things which happened in Bavaria after the War, and the states of mind which brought them about, as though they happened in Württemberg in the seventeenth century; in order to contemplate the present as if it were the past, he resorts to the ingenious trick of projecting himself an unspecified distance into the future, ignoring the fact that things are likely to occur in the interval which might make his interpretations look foolish. And the critic who could justly appraise the value of his historical conclusions, I am afraid, has not yet been born.

"Success" is a solid and ponderable achievement, but it is not really a novel. It may not even be history—that remains to be seen. All that one may say with safety is that it is a lengthy cinematic record of society as it existed on the Bavarian plateau at the beginning of the third dec-

ade of the twentieth century, projected by an exceptionally accurate and painstaking intelligence. But even as a cinematic record, formidable in scope and proportion, it must necessarily be incomplete.

For a single example, the treatment of Adolf Hitler, who appears thinly disguised as the "historically typical" figure of Rupert Kutzner, a mountebank who takes lessons in the art of spellbinding from a Shakespearean actor, will suffice. Feuchtwanger has a good deal to say about the beginning of the Fascist party in Germany and the notorious beer *putsch* of 1923, engineered, he infers, by irresponsible blackguards and perverts whose notion of instilling the populace with a sense of their importance was to murder defenseless chambermaids in cold blood—no doubt this is all quite true, but it is not the whole of the picture in the historical sense; for all he or anybody else knows the beer *putsch* may turn out to have been an event of the first importance to the future of Germany, or of Europe, or of the world. The sudden emergence of the Fascist movement in Bavaria he explains by discovering a historical necessity for slowing down the industrialization of Central Europe:

> From this point of view Bavaria was a good brake. For this purpose the historical process had thrown up a particularly backward group, Kutzner and his crowd. But when the brake became too powerful it had to be removed. And once more it was a good thing, preventing further dislocations, once more it was historical necessity, that the removal was carried out not by a progressive man, but by one who to the best of his abilities fought against industrialization. So it appeared that even such silly affairs as the execution of this *coup* by the fool Kutzner and its defeat by the fool Flaucher were subject to a certain process of historical selection. Seen in perspective, the achievements of both men had been beneficial to Bavaria.

A year ago this would undoubtedly have been good sound reasoning; the trouble with it is, as a glance at any of the press accounts of the doings of the Reichstag will show, that neither Hitler nor the Fascists can yet be seen in perspective. They are not yet ready for embalming. Herr Feuchtwanger is in altogether too much of a hurry.

Bavaria is the hero of "Success," and a not very prepossessing hero it turns out to be. Herr Feuchtwanger borrows the technical device used by Zweig with telling effect in "Sergeant Grischa" and Eisenstein in the movies—an isolated incident is made to serve as point of departure for a comprehensive survey of a whole society. The incident in this case is the imprisonment and trial of one Martin Krüger, subdirector of the National Gallery in Munich, on a charge trumped up for political ends; the Krüger case becomes a vast net which spreads over Munich, implicating directly or indirectly the lives and thoughts of all kinds and conditions of men. One is reminded of a genre painting by Pieter Breughel—crowds of ugly little people running about without rhyme or reason, drinking and loving and squabbling and sprawling across the landscape, oblivious to the beauty that is around them.

Herr Feuchtwanger's talent definitely lies within the boundaries of historical romance. If he is not so successful here as he was in "Power," it is because he has deliberately handicapped himself by his choice of subject. He lived in Munich during the period he writes about; he did not live in Württemberg during the seventeenth century. The glamor of historical fiction is largely a matter of distance. The Bavarian chronicler of two centuries hence, for instance, might reasonably suppose that there were elements of devotional consecration to be found in the Passion Play of our generation, whereas Herr Feuchtwanger (or anybody else with a pair of eyes in his head) can only be depressed by such a spectacle of shameless commercialism and ignoble exploitation of the religious instinct as Oberammergau affords. As for Bavaria itself, Herr Feuchtwanger sees it as a small agrarian state in the throes of acute industrial indigestion and Munich, its capital, not as the modern Athens it is popularly supposed to be, but as the core of an incurably peasant civilization, less cultured and idealistic than barbaric and gross and cruel. There is little in the picture to cause a rush of tourists to southern Germany next summer.

I have waited till the end to confess that, impressive though it is, "Success" makes hellishly difficult reading.

HOWARD COXE.

John Masefield and Ships

The Wanderer of Liverpool, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 138 pages. $3.50.

FOR EVERY poet there is some object which symbolizes perfect beauty and calls forth his highest emotional intensity; for John Masefield this object has always been the sailing ship. Very early in his life ships had stirred this poet's imagination, and always they possessed the power to arouse it. Therefore, it is natural that now, after years of writing on other subjects, he should return, in "The Wanderer of Liverpool," to studying his feeling for ships. It is, moreover, particularly fitting that as Poet Laureate, Masefield should realize his idea of perfection in such an image. Surely nothing could be more thoroughly British! The poet has once more been able to make identification between his own emotions and the image; once more he understands the sailing of ships as symbolic of Life, of his own personal life and of a more universal attitude toward life in general.

This book, "The Wanderer of Liverpool," is therefore a labor of love, a period, as it were, placed at the end of a sentence which Masefield has been all his life in writing out. Early in his poetic development, he had written about the same ship, had spoken of the legends which were gathered round her, and of her fated loveliness. He now writes down the actual facts of her history, facts gathered from the four corners of the earth, from captains, captains' wives, crews, ship owners, ship builders. He tells about her building, her launching, her unlucky first voyages, her victories, her final disaster. We are given lists of the crews, pictures in plenty of the ship herself, pictures, too, of the crews and even of the ship cat, plans of the ship, and a horoscope of her, proving that she was not necessarily ill fated. Most of the book is prose. At points where the emotion is pitched somewhat higher, there are verse interludes. The prose is, on the whole, much better than the verse, clear and dramatic; the verse is the usual Masefieldian verse about the usual subjects.

The poems in this volume add nothing to Masefield's reputation. He has written others on the same subject, and far better. The passion is gone out of this verse, even from a group of sonnets in which the poet attempts, as in an earlier series of sonnets, to give his philosophy of Beauty. These late poems are full of literary images, of romantic and rather trite phrases, and of that deliberate and exaggerated realism through which Masefield gropes toward his romantic illusion. Even the illusion is feeble:

However changed upon the chain
Your shape and mine will meet again,
When ship meets ship,
Sea-wanderer, the colors dip.
The hidden then may be made plain.

Masefield is still the poet of idealistic youth; for the older, more analytical mind, he has rather little to offer by way of any attitude toward life. He has established his particular poetic world: the seas, the English countryside, and he presents this world with faithfulness and with sincere emotion. But the emotion comes to us through a strident realism or through a hazy romanticism, and these forces are ill adjusted in the poems. Seldom in Masefield are we able to find that perfect fusion of emotion and intellect necessary to the best poetry. There are interesting tales and pleasant lyrics. But, despite his earlier and more active life, Masefield's mind is not the passionate explorative mind; rather it is the provincial and domestic, the mind of the dreamer. His romanticism is that of the dreamer, not of the man of action. This may explain why even in his narratives, the action is never acutely realized. It is explained, it is given in detail, but never once is it emphasized by some inevitable gesture or word. Therefore, both emotion and action become a little theatrical, a little unreal. And in the lyrics where the emotion is the reason for writing, we are too likely to find again a rather elaborate explanation of emotion instead of the passion itself.

"The Wanderer of Liverpool" will be enjoyed by all of those who love ships and feel them as Masefield feels them. It will not be received as enthusiastically by those interested primarily in poetry. EDA LOU WALTON.

Athlete and Mystic

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by Francis Yeats-Brown. New York: The Viking Press. 299 pages. $2.75.

AT THE age of eighteen, Mr. Yeats-Brown went to India as an officer in command of native troops belonging to various North Indian races and religions. He had a good time and deserved it, by right of a finely tempered body capable of both robust and exquisite sensuality. No autobiography I have ever read so successfully achieves the secret purpose of all autobiography—to display the author as an interesting and admirable man. Mr. Yeats-Brown does so by out-of-the-ordinary means. It is impossible not to like him for his comradely closeness to his soldiers, his affection for his bulldogs, his feeling for horses, his enthusiasm for games. In all this there is so direct a sense of fine, free living that one is irresistibly led to envy him his experiences, and still more his superb sensory equipment.

It is possible that nowhere else in literature has strenuous play been described with such immediacy. A cinema close-up of a polo player or a hunter on horseback, continuous to the end, could hardly give a nearer sense of actuality than Mr. Yeats-Brown gives to his readers. The effect is partly due to the speed of his short sentences, but no literary trick alone could have produced it; rather it is once more the author's incomparable capacity for strong and acute sensation. His vocabulary itself is evidence of it, for it shows a fine appreciation of pace and sound.

Why, then, a man so dowered for a complete and satisfying physical life should have turned to Hindu mysticism is hard to explain. Very soon after his arrival in India, Mr. Yeats-Brown felt the attraction, and his yieldings occur all through the book. In compliment to the author it must be said that there is not a trace on any of his pages of evangelism for his new faith, or rather, I should say, his new interest; its observances are set forth with no greater enthusiasm than pig-sticking or polo; but he describes his experiences so well that he is likely to make more converts than Mr. Gurdjieff or Mr. Orage. Perhaps to athletic men, to whom swift and sensorily coördinated activity is easy, the direct plunge into the unconscious that mysticism offers is seductive. In comparison, the Western way of the intellect seems overcautious and slow. Mr. Yeats-Brown is not the first athlete to be won over by this invention of a passive people.

It is characteristic that Yoga, as Mr. Yeats-Brown experiences it, is after all another play of the senses, this time directed inward upon the tissues and nerves of the body. When he "attains unity" it is by difficult exercises, among them standing a long time on his head. I can well believe that they may have saved his sanity and health during the torture of his Turkish imprisonment; but in confinement men have found salvation in too many other curious ways to make this as significant as he holds it to be.

It is likely, as Mr. Yeats-Brown suggests, that Yoga has carried on, for thousands of years, interesting and probably valuable experiments in the control of breathing, or body temperature and blood circulation, and in achieving a purely neutral self-consciousness. The sensations induced are probably, as Mr. Yeats-Brown, who is surely a connoisseur, asserts, extraordinary. They are certainly attained with great difficulty and are rare, but like all rare and difficult things, are probably overesteemed. In spite of the author's persuasiveness, I cannot believe that they are more than sensations, or that they bring one into communication "with oneness," "the centers of existence," etc. The lively and disciplined intellect seems still, to me, to offer a wider and richer life than this heroic introversion.

I have mentioned this in dissent, not in detraction from an unusual and a good book. It is honest, unself-conscious and very well written, except that here and there a mixed or excessive metaphor flaws a passage of good writing. It would have been a better balanced book if Mr. Yeats-Brown had not chosen to evade his Turkish prison experiences. With his keen senses I looked forward to something comparable to Cummings' "The Enormous Room." Why did he not write them down? It may appear captious to say so, but I am afraid that Mr. Yeats-Brown, who pursues Reality so strenuously through Yoga, will not worry with it when it makes a mess near at hand.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Book Notes

ART

MODERN AMERICAN PAINTERS, by Samuel M. Kootz. *New York: Brewer and Warren. 64 pages, illustrated. $5.*

Before writing this book, the author held long discussions with Mr. Alfred Stieglitz and Mr. Charles Daniel, the two shrewdest patrons of modern American art. His critical opinions partly reflect theirs, although he is inclined to be more of a Daniel than a Stieglitz come to judgment. The painters to whom he pays the most attention are those like Blume, Demuth, Dickinson, Dove, Hartley, Kuniyoshi, Marin, O'Keefe and Sheeler, whose work has been sponsored by either the Daniel Gallery or An American Place. Most of these are among our best artists; but so, too, in their different way, are Burchfield and Hopper, whose work is here dismissed as "postcards of American scenes," for patrioteers. . . . Mr. Kootz is one of the critics who belligerently and explosively repeat the commonplaces of the modern movement as if they had never been said before. His book, however, has two valuable

features. The first is the information which Mr. Kootz has personally gathered from the artists of whom he treats. The second is the wealth of illustration, consisting in this case of sixty well chosen and well printed reproductions of American paintings, most of which are now dispersed among private collections.

PYRAMID AND TEMPLE, by Julius Meier-Graefe. *Translated by Roger Hinks. New York: The Macaulay Company. 361 pages. $5.*

Outwardly it is a journey through Greece, Palestine and Egypt with which this book concerns itself. It records with humor and varying degrees of wit and imagination the matters that belong to travel, the encounters, experiences and so on. But its chief interest is its journeys into art and across the centuries. The author, as is well known from his other books—some thirty-nine of them have appeared—contributes to art criticism a certain living humanity and gusto. Such contentions as that Greek sculpture and architecture were inferior to the Egyptian, though their literature was greater; or that the Tut-ankh-amen objects derive from a period of artistic decadence in Egypt; or that the Byzantine civilization was of high importance and distinction, make up the more notable parts of this book, indicate its critical tendency, and illustrate the spirited attack of the author.

Biography and Memoirs

JOSEPH FOUCHE: The Portrait of a Politician, by Stefan Zweig. *Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. 327 pages. $3.50.*

Taking his tip from Balzac, Stefan Zweig in this biography of Fouché has created a character in terms of drama instead of history. But as all drama must exaggerate the dominant characteristics of its hero, Zweig has painted Fouché's villainy in deeper colors and his shrewdness in more brilliant ones than they actually deserve. Though the biography for this reason falls between the stools of historical accuracy on the one hand and imaginative fiction on the other, it nevertheless makes interesting if not profitable reading. The style leans too frequently toward redundancy and rhetoric.

TWENTY-ONE AMERICANS, by Niven Busch, Jr. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 332 pages. $2.50.*

Twenty-one Americans, among them Henry Ford, David Belasco, Adolph Zukor and Fannie Brice, are accounted for in sprightly but unofficial biographies. The sketches first appeared as "Profiles" in the pages of The New Yorker, and are intended to inform readers divertingly of the manners, apologies and achievements of leaders in the building, golfing, theatrical and allied American industries.

History

DEATH CUSTOMS, an Analytical Study of Burial Rites, by Effie Bendann. *History of Civilization Series. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 283 pages. $5.*

A description of mourning customs and ideas of death and burial in Melanesia, Australia, Northeast Siberia and India. The author criticizes explanations of these customs by any single hypothesis, such as the psychic unity of mankind, diffusion, environmental influence, or social and psychological developments. The material is well arranged, but a poor style makes the volume hard reading.

MINOANS, PHILISTINES AND GREEKS, by A. R. Burns. *History of Civilization Series. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 266 pages. $5.*

The five centuries covered in this narrative, from the end of the fifteenth to the end of the tenth century B.C., saw the flowering of Minoan civilization in Crete, and the vast migrations between Asia Minor and the Balkan peninsula which resulted in the overthrow of Crete, the destruction of the Hittite empire, the establishment of the Philistines and the foundation of the Greek states. The subject is interesting and the author has a vigorous style. In this all too scholarly series, "Minoans, Philistines and Greeks" is one of the few volumes readable enough to interest the general public.

CHINESE CIVILIZATION, by Marcel Granet. *History of Civilization Series. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 429 pages. $7.50.*

Chinese records, M. Granet points out, have from earliest times been edited to indicate a unity and a social ideal that never were realized. Writing the ancient history of China, in this case from earliest times to the first century B.C., becomes a delicate task of documentary analysis, as well as a struggle against the inapplicable Western ideas of the unified state and the majesty of law. The author is skillful and convincing and has a literary ability which makes this volume one of the most distinguished in the "History of Civilization" series.

Fiction

BURNT OFFERING, by Jeanne Galzy. *Translated by Jacques Leclercq. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.*

The point of view behind the book—winner of the Prix Brentano for French fiction in 1930—furnishes a curious contrast to that implicit in Mme. Colette's recently translated "Claudine at School." Both are distinguished pieces of work, written by women of talent and intelligence, both deal with the *dessous* of school life in provincial France; but whereas Mme. Colette approaches the problem of sexually frustrated women in a vein of wise but cynical tolerance, Madame Galzy gives it the benefit of a sentimental and orthodox handling, and dignifies it by tenderness and compassionate understanding. Her heroine, Marie Pascal, in her passion for one of her young pupils, in her pitiful hungers and renunciations, in her ultimate apprehension lest her passion prove not so maternal as she had thought, is a really tragic figure.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT, by Carl Wilhelmson. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.*

As material for a footnote to a revised edition of "The Golden Bough," this narrative of peasant life in Finland might have some reason for being; but it is not a novel that justifies serious critical consideration or even one-tenth of the ballyhoo there is about it. Mr. Wilhelmson has ransacked the storage warehouse of his memory for recollections of the mores and quaint customs of his native people—innocuous customs they are, too—and stuck them on a slight thread of romance, like pieces of washing on an unexciting line.

Contributors

Sumner H. Slichter has recently been appointed professor of Business Economics at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. He is a member of the staff of the Institute of Economics at Washington.

H. N. Brailsford, a contributor to English and American journals, is at present in India collecting first-hand information on the social and economic condition of the native peasant. He is traveling through sections and villages rarely visited by foreigners.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon recently arrived from Europe and is to make a four months' lecture tour of this country.

Paul Rosenfeld, who has been actively connected with a number of modern movements in the arts, is now at work on his second novel.

H. Boner, a graduate of the University of Colorado, is at present doing graduate work at Columbia. He is a contributor to Poetry and was awarded the Guarantor's prize of that magazine.

Matthew Josephson is completing a biography of Rousseau.

Howard Coxe, a novelist, is the author of "Passage to the Sky" and has recently completed a second book.

Eda Lou Walton is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College of New York University.

Isidor Schneider is at work on a new novel.

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
AT COOPER UNION
8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock.
Admission free.

Friday, Dec. 26
No meeting.
Sunday, Dec. 28
No meeting.
Tuesday, Dec. 30
No meeting.

Muhlenberg Branch Library
209 West 23rd Street, at 8:30 o'clock

Monday, Dec. 29
DR. MARK VAN DOREN
Some Modern Poets.
"Emily Dickinson."
Wednesday, Dec. 31
No meeting.
Thursday, Jan. 1
No meeting.
Saturday, Jan. 3
MR. LOUIS GRUDIN
Aesthetics.
"Aesthetic Logic: A New Instrument."

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
A Clearing House of Opinion
Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th St.
Tuesday, December 30th, at 8:30 P. M.
DR. LOUIS L. DRAPER
will speak on:
"DR. JUNG'S ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY and THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS"

Sunday Afternoon Discussion Group
January 4th, at 4:30 P. M.
SEYMOUR A. SELIGSON
will speak on:
"THE MEANING OF CULTURE"
Founded 1918
Tea served Subscription 50c
(Weekly notices mailed on request)

HELP WANTED

Man over 45, writer with wide interest in life and preferably diverse experience, as associate in the preparation of news programs. Address: Box 550, The New Republic.

Opening in large organization for a secretary-stenographer understanding bookkeeping. Intelligence, personality and trustworthiness absolutely essential. Please apply in own handwritting, stating experience, age, salary expected, etc. Splendid opportunity for advancement. Address: Box 555, The New Republic.

TO PHILANTHROPISTS

Is there anyone who would be interested to help widow bring up two fine, intelligent boys—ages 12-10. Mother is language teacher — University trained — at present without a position. Has also knowledge of typewriting and stenography (Gregg certificate). Highest references. Address Box 548, The New Republic.

BOARD FOR CHILDREN

Loving care and excellent training given to young child of good heritage by women of experience. Entire charge assumed if desired. Christian. R. F. D., Box 96, Sharon, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS EDITED

MANUSCRIPTS criticized by experienced editor at small fee. For particulars write Box 541, The New Republic.

BOOKS

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE
may be rented for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately-printed editions, unabridged translations and extraordinary new books. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

Esoterika Biblion Society
45 West 45th Street, Dep't 0-8 New York City

SAVE 1/4 Buy Good Used TEXT & REFERENCE BOOKS
FREE TO TEACHERS
Desk copy with order of ten or more. Full credit for all overstock ordered.
Guaranteed saving of 25% or more new books, 10% saving. Sent prepaid when cash accompanies order. Every text book in use stocked. Satisfaction guaranteed. Established 1902
Stock of Over a Million Volumes
WRITE for price list or any text book desired
College Book Co.
Dept. N COLUMBUS, OHIO
WE ALSO BUY BOOKS

UNUSUAL BOOKS
Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Unusually illustrated volumes.
Send for Fascinating FREE Booklet
THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. R,
489 Fifth Ave., New York

THE EVIL RELIGION DOES
By Morrison I. Swift
A DEFENSE OF ATHEISM: showing the evil work of the Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish Churches, and that religion should be abolished. Price $2.
THE LIBERTY PRESS, Boston, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

A CORRESPONDENCE CLUB has now been organized, catering to people of intellectual interests desiring friends similarly inclined. For particulars write: Postal Amity Club, 76 Christie Ave., River Edge, N. J.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH,
ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Carefully selected Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c, short course, 9 to 9 daily, 18th year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH BY EAR
Learn 400 common French words with marvelous 10" phonograph disc and French-English book. Electrically recorded by Prof. Ettiene of Paris. See and hear. Pay only $1.98 and postage on arrival for disc and book. Limited supply. Order now. Money back guarantee. Spanish disc, $1.98; English disc, $1.98. **AUTOMATIC RECORD INSTITUTE, 1928-CK, Tribune Bldg., 154 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.**

FRENCH - SPANISH - ITALIAN
GERMAN. Private lessons 75c Daily 9-9). Native teachers. Interesting conversational method. 19th year. Also neglected English education.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast cor 85th St.

GENERAL

WRITERS—INTELLECTUALS
Can't get a job? Can't place your MS? Wondering how your finances can weather this winter?

One or two persons can hibernate with me for very little in delightful steam-heated colonial house, close enough to city for occasional reconnoitering. Good food. Atmosphere conducive to creation. Address: Box 549, The New Republic.

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrats of all sports wear—direct from makers. Sample free. Suit-lengths by Mail. Carriage Paid.
NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland.

FLORIDA FRUIT BOX
Containing 45 oranges, 12 grapefruit, 20 tangerines, 100 kumquats, jar fruit preserves. Express prepaid anywhere, $3.00. **Florida Growers Packing Co., P. O. Box 282, Tampa, Florida.**

PureVermont MAPLE
SENT DIRECT — From Farm to You
Introducing our guaranteed quality special assortment—1 qt. Fancy Maple Syrup, 1 lb. Maple Sugar, 1 lb. Maple Nut Cream. A choice gift or home treat, POSTPAID, $2.75 (W. of Rockies $3.25). Send for complete price list. **BUSHWILLIE FARM Route G, Rutland, Vt.**

FOR RENT

233 W. 21st Street: Furnished; 2 rooms, kitchenette and bath in modern apartment with elevator. Telephone, Miss Beck, Chelsea 8393, between 10 and 5.

"TIRED CITY PEOPLE"
Will you share charming, comfortable house, real country, Westchester?

Women writers, often absent, accepting nominal rent for cooperative winter.

Telephone Triangle, 1466. Mygatt, 50 Livingston Street, Brooklyn.

Greenwich Village
(near Sheridan Square)
14 Jones Street
Two separate rooms, automatic refrigeration, incinerator, fireplace, $60 to $75. References. Agent on premises.

If you want a more than average job, or a more than average person to fill one—if you want to rent an apartment, or let one to a responsible person—if you have any unusual want that an unusual audience may be expected to satisfy—

Advertise in

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Rates $2.00 for 30 words (minimum); $3.00 for 45 words; $4.00 for 60 words. Larger space proportionately more.

Our most popular offer of recent years is A New Handbook of Buying,

with subscriptions to

Consumer's Research, Inc. and The New Republic

ONE of the oddest results of the emergence of a new illiteracy is the spectacle of grown men and women transformed into children when entering a store to buy a cake of soap, an automobile, a mattress, a refrigerator, or a razor blade.

HOW can we know what we are doing? Of competing items selling at the same price, one may be eight or ten times as valuable or effective as the other. One may be definitely harmful. Both may be useless. If one is cheaper than the other it will not infrequently happen that the more expensive is the inferior.

WE do as we have been told—by the advertiser. And, very likely, purchase some article distinguished in the degree that the manufacturer has skimped on manufacturing costs to spend on billboard art.

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH is an organization which supplies its subscribers with lists of commodities, with brand names, from Aluminum to Woolens, which in the opinion of testing agencies and technical experts, give good value at their price. It also lists commodities which it does not recommend. And it issues periodical bulletins on special subjects and analyses of fads of the moment, for example, artificial sunlight lamps, reducers, and vibrators.

SUBSCRIBING to CONSUMERS' RESEARCH is in no sense a matter of philanthropy. It is not a cause. It is for the purpose of enabling consumers to buy as adults, to get goods of merit at prices that save money—in brief, to know what they are doing. All support for the work comes from consumers—none from manufacturers or advertisers. It is not a magazine "institute."

By special arrangement, a subscription to Consumers' Research (regularly $2.00), together with a year of The New Republic (regularly $5.00) can now be obtained for the low combination rate of

$5.50

The new HANDBOOK OF BUYING, just issued by the Consumers' Research, Inc., is a 44-page bulletin packed with information which will save you the cost of the research service many times over.

The data are arranged so as to be readily accessible, and in their exposure of the shams of advertising, as well as their descriptions of unadvertised and superior goods, make fascinating reading.

THE NEW REPUBLIC,
421 West 21st St., N. Y.

For the enclose l $5.50 send me The New Republic for one year and enroll me as a member of Consumers' Research.

Name.....

Address.....

12-31-30

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., 409 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y.

Treat YOURSELF *after Christmas*

Having done your duty to Uncle Percy and Cousin Emma (if you had any money to do it with), having wrapped insecurely and mailed late the odd tokens by which your friends and family were notified that it was Christmas—why not vote yourself a small reward? How better employ Christmas cash than in the purchase of books? Those listed on this page are all non-fiction, all interesting, and the kind that last. All procurable from The New Republic Bookstore, postpaid and by return mail.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams. *Little, Brown*	$4.00
The Second Twenty Years at Hull-House, by Jane Addams. *Macmillan*	4.00
The Fight for Peace, by Devere Allen. *Macmillan*	5.00
Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story, ed. by C. F. Andrews. *Macmillan*	2.50
The American Leviathan: The Republic in the Machine Age, by Charles A. and William Beard. *Macmillan*	5.00
Around Theatres, by Max Beerbohm. *Knopf*	7.50
Wolsey, by Hilaire Belloc. *Lippincott*	5.00
Little America, by Richard E. Byrd. *Putnam*	5.00
The House of Morgan, by Lewis Corey. *Watt*	5.00
The Fountain of Life, by Havelock Ellis. *Houghton, Mifflin*	4.00
Black Bread and Red Coffins, by Negley Farson. *Century*	4.00
Universities, American, English, German, by Abraham Flexner. *Oxford*	3.50
Law and the Modern Mind, by Jerome Frank. *Brentano's*	4.00
Collected Poems of Robert Frost. Holt	5.00
The Menace of Overproduction, ed. by Scoville Hamlin. *Wiley*	2.75
The Mysterious Universe, by Sir James Jeans. *Macmillan*	2.25
A Treatise on Money, by John Maynard Keynes. *Harcourt, Brace*	8.00
Liberty in the Modern State, by Harold J. Laski. *Harper*	3.00
Psychopathology and Politics, by Harold D. Lasswell. *University of Chicago*	3.00
For the Defence, by Edward Marjoribanks. *Macmillan*	2.00
The Third Degree, by Emanuel H. Lavine. *Vanguard*	2.00
The Age of Hate: Andrew Johnson and the Radicals, by George Fort Milton. *Coward-McCann*	5.00
King Cotton Is Sick, by Claudius T. Murchison. *University of North Carolina*	$2.00
Henry White: Thirty Years of American Diplomacy, by Allan Nevins. *Harper*	5.00
Moliere, by John Palmer. *Brewer and Warren*	5.00
China: The Collapse of a Civilization, by Nathaniel Peffer. *Day*	3.50
God Without Thunder, by John Crowe Ransom. *Harcourt, Brace*	3.50
The Conquest of Happiness, by Bertrand Russell. *Liveright*	3.00
The Realm of Matter, by George Santayana. *Scribner*	3.50
Flights from Chaos, by Harlow Shapley. *Whittlesey House*	2.50
Our Times: Pre-War America, by Mark Sullivan. *Scribner*	5.00
The Sea and the Jungle, by H. M. Tomlinson. Woodcuts by Clare Leighton. *Harper*	3.50
Ochrana: Russian Secret Police, by A. T. Vassilyev. *Lippincott*	4.00
Three Thousand Years of Rome, by Dunbar Von Kalckreuth. *Knopf*	5.00
John Wesley, by John Donald Wade. *Coward-McCann*	3.50
Whither, Whither? or After Sex, What?, a Symposium. *Macaulay*	2.00
Those Earnest Victorians, by Esme Wingfield-Stratford. *Morrow*	3.50
Roosevelt, by Owen Wister. *Macmillan*	4.00
The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by Major Francis Yeats-Brown. *Viking*	2.75

The New Republic Bookstore
419 West 21st Street, New York City

For the enclosed $..... please send me postpaid the following books.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

12-31-30